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SONG OF THE HEART.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

They may tell forever of worlds of bloom
Beyond the skies, beyond the tomb—
Of the sweet repose and rapture there,
That are not found in this world of care;
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh, I know that the bowers of Heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of Life are there;
But I do not long for their happy flow
While there burst such fountains of bliss below;
And I would not leave for the rest above
The faithful bosom of trusting love.

There are angels here; they are seen the while
In each love-lit brow and each gentle smile;
There are seraph voices that meet the ear
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer.
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here from the eyes of love!

But when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this bright world willingly;
Though even then would the thoughts of this,
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss;
And I fain would lean on the loved for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine, till Life's changes end,
To guard the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of life may be,
On the peaceful shore or the restless sea,
In a palace home or the wilderness,
There is Heaven for me in a world like this!

THE Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER I.

In the West of Scotland, where the coast presents a wild line of gray cliffs and sharp promontories, almost unbroken by trees, with little verdure, save the hardy heather, is a small fishing-village with one quaint irregular street, wedged in behind the shelter of the huge peaked crag upon which the Castle of Ordmore stands, calmly surveying the restless billows of the mighty Atlantic, which break and dash against the mass of rock, as though in perpetual longing to reduce the stately mansion to utter ruin and desolation.

For many miles there is not a building which has withstood the ravages of time and sea so long as the great house of Ordmore. Although exposed to the most terrific sea-storms, and entirely without shelter, it raises its proud towers in contemptuous dignity, not only defying the elements, but sheltering in its rear the little village, which alone could not withstand the storms of a single winter.

Be it summer or winter, the Castle presents a perfect picture of a sea-home. With a brilliant sun gleaming upon a glittering sea, changing the towers and turrets of the Castle from sombre brown stone to masses of burnished gold, the purple heather and golden gorse fringing the crags and dotting here and there the face of the cliff, nothing more beautiful could be imagined. The mansion is built on the extreme edge of the crags, so as to allow of a garden behind—a garden which, shut in by high walls, suggests rather the mossy walks and trim parterres to be found in a cathedral close than the pleasure-ground of a castle perched high above the troubled waves of the broad Atlantic.

In winter the beauty of Ordmore becomes terrible and what the country people call "gruesome," when the shrill winds whistle and moan around the turrets and beat against the casements, as though each fresh blast would force them in, when the seagulls flutter and scream among the crannies with which the face of the cliff is pierced, when nothing can be seen for miles save a dreary waste of fog-covered, foam-crested sea, the roaring of the waves of which is heard above all other sounds; then indeed the Castle is a weird and dreary abiding-place.

Had a large party of merry, fearless children been romping and pattering up and down the old oak corridors, making the ponderous walls echo to the present sound of their blithe voices—had there been the ring of spurred boots, the click of billiard-balls, the thousand-and-one sounds of mirth and activity with which a large household ever resounds—then the bleak sea-castle might have been bright enough; but in the August of 186—all was hushed and still, and the few ancient servitors went about fearsomely and on tiptoe, relating ghostly stories of the wraiths and warnings of the old race—for the last, save one, of the Falconers lay cold and stiff in the state-room, and all the honors and wealth of the family had devolved upon Graham Falconer, the lady of the soil.

The Falconers had been Falconers of Ordmore ever since there had been an Ordmore, or since there had been any Falconers. The mother of the present heiress had been an Englishwoman, a Miss Wyvill, whom Hugh Falconer had seen at a little watering place on the East coast, and married after the impetuous fashion of his race, for the Falconers were of the old Scottish blood. As Graham used to say, "None of your Lowland tikes, but real Hedanders."

So Hugh Falconer married the pretty English girl and brought her to his highland home, where for one short year they lived in a dream of love which was too like a Paradise to last. When the event which was to prove the summit of their bliss happened, Hugh Falconer found himself a widower, for the gentle little wife had passed away, and, instead of the heir about whom they had dreamed such fond dreams, and for whom they had built up so bright a future, was the little daughter in giving birth to whom so dear a price had to be paid.

The child did not favor her English mother, save for her large soft dark eyes, which contrasted so strangely with the fair-haired, lily-complexioned beauty which she had inherited from her Northern ancestors. Still, notwithstanding the little resemblance she bore to her mother, Hugh Falconer could not endure the sight of his child. Her eyes brought back so vividly to his mind the picture of his handsome loving wife, that, unhappily for the poor child, she was kept as much as possible out of his sight when he happened—which was not often—to be at home.

Poor little bairn! Rich in all this world's possessions, lavishly endowed with the real Falconer beauty, giving in voice and gesture the unmistakable evidences of a long line of gentle birth and breeding, yet forlorn as any foundling, knowing no love save that of the old servants, accustomed to be hurried out of sight when her father's footfall sounded in hall or corridor, as though she were a leper, hers was not indeed a happy childhood.

When Graham Falconer became the head of her race, she was just eighteen, a slim, fair-haired, pale-faced girl, whose dark eyes alone would have saved her from being passed unnoticed—eyes that had a wistful entreaty in them, which might have moved a less tender heart than Hugh Falconer's.

He might have loved his only child, and doubtless, had her mother lived, he would have done so; but, after making all suitable arrangements for her education, he never apparently troubled himself about her at all. When she had reached her seventeenth birthday, Lady Fairlie, who lived with her son Sir Gore, at Linley, the estate adjoining Ordmore, obtained Mr. Falconer's permission that his daughter should visit with her in the country. And then Graham's life was gay enough, for every one was anxious to gain the favor of the girl who would one day be the richest heiress in Scotland. But suddenly the gaiety came to an end, for, whilst on a visit at Linley, the news came that Hugh Falconer was no more, and with a dull pain at her heart Graham went back to the closed house, for now it was too late even to dream of winning her father's heart.

Two days later the dead man's brother-in-law arrived; and Graham's heart sank when he was ushered into her presence. She knew that by her father's will she had been left to his guardianship, and she told herself that, if his children resembled him, she should surely die. In appearance Mr. Wyvill was certainly not prepossessing. Tall truly—more than six feet in height—dark, sallow and ill-tempered looking, "a long, lanky, ill-made man, with turned-up nose and a squint—a dark-eyed squint too," as Graham told herself—it would indeed have been terrible for the girl if his children had resembled him; for, when the funeral was over, she was desired to prepare for an immediate removal to Idleminster, where her uncle's home and business were.

Mr. Wyvill was solicitor, and held the position of clerk to the Dean and Chapter, besides being legal secretary to his lordship of that see. He lived near the Cathedral, in what was known as Wyvill's Court. The house—which was in truth three houses thrown into one, was built round three sides of a quadrangle, and approached by a long covered passage, just wide enough to admit of a carriage passing through. It had originally been occupied by several of the Cathedral dignitaries, but, on passing into Mr. Wyvill's hands, had been called by his name.

Anything less commonplace than Wyvill's Court could not well be imagined. Not a single room was on a level with the one next to it. There were five staircases, and, of course, three doors leading into the courtyard. The attics and cellars communicated from one house to the other. There were all sorts of queer out-of-the-way closets and lobbies. There was also a haunted room, another, which contained a hiding-place under the floor; another, in which tradition said a skeleton had been found walled up; one in which a beautiful lady appeared robed in white, and wringing her hands; and yet another chamber, haunted by a footfall, which paced up and down from midnight till cock crow, every now and then tripping against the boards; and behind was a garden, with moss-grown walks and ivy covered walls, containing quaint rookeries—chiefly composed of fragments of ecclesiastical masonry—rustic arbors, a tolerably good croquet-ground, and an avenue of lime-trees, made into a secluded walk by a thick hedge of yew and rhododendrons.

It was to this house that Mr. Wyvill brought Graham Falconer, fresh from the stately grandeur of Castle Ordmore, with its huge oak-rafted dining hall, on the wide open hearth of which odorous peat and wood fires blazed during a large portion of the year. It was evening when they arrived. Graham was tired and dizzy with her long journey and most wearisome companion. A servant admitted them, and Mr. Wyvill asked for Miss Mary, and ushered his ward into the gloomy dining-room. Graham, never accustomed to a superabundance of affection, waited with a quivering mouth and tear-dimmed eyes for the appearance of the cousin she had never seen. Almost immediately she came in, a fine, stylish-looking girl, with a healthy, fair complexion, and a mass of bright golden hair, piled high about her head. She wore a pretty blue muslin dress, which matched her eyes in depth of color. Poor wearied Graham's heart went out to her immediately.

"This is your cousin Graham," said Mr. Wyvill, without any attempt to greet his daughter; "take her up-stairs, and then give her some tea."

"Are you not very tired, cousin?" inquired Mary, or, as she was more commonly called, Molly, in a pleasant, hearty voice. "Come this way, and you shall have a wash."

She led the way across the square hall, up the broad old-fashioned staircase, with its wide hand-rail and shallow steps, into a large room with a casement window, looking upon the sweet-smelling garden.

"Now," she said, pouring some cold water into the basin as she spoke, "you must be longing to have a splash; and when you have refreshed your outer woman you shall have some hot tea—unless you prefer wine, that is," she added.

"Oh, no, thank you!" answered Graham, whose voice, with its slight Scottish accent, was even sweeter than her cousin's. "Thank you, Mary, I never take wine."

"No one calls me 'Mary' except my father," laughed her cousin. "I am always called 'Molly.'"

"It is much prettier," said Graham, who was determined to admire everything about her. "Now I am quite ready to go down."

So the two girls went down-stairs together, Molly having her arm round Graham—not into the room where they had left Mr. Wyvill, but down another staircase, into a plainly furnished, much-used room, where the younger members of the family were seated at tea.

"Mother, here is Graham," cried Molly. "And——"

"Welcome, my dear!" said a low voice, in which Graham noticed a strong resemblance to Molly's. "I hope you will be very happy here. We will try to make you so."

"Oh, yes, aunt, thank you!" said Graham cheerfully.

Mrs. Wyvill took Graham's fancy much more than her husband had done. At one time she must have been a very beautiful woman. Indeed she often spoke of herself as having been the "beauty of Idleminster;" and, though the cares of her large family—for she had three sons and six daughters—had long quenched the warmth of coloring and the gaiety of earlier days, yet the delicate profile and the conscious dignity remained. Graham decided that her aunt was a sweet gentle woman whom she would have no difficulty in loving dearly. The Scotch girl drew conclusions very justly. That which she had drawn as to her uncle was startling in its truthfulness. He was the terror of the whole family. Wife, children, servant, all were equally and undisguisedly afraid of him. His commands were obeyed with the rapidity of lightning, and his frown carried more fear with it than the blows of some men would have inspired. While Mrs. Wyvill still held her niece's hand, his harsh voice, calling "Gertrude, Gertrude!" resounded through the house.

"There's the Dragon calling for you, mother," said Francis, the eldest son. "That's the way our meals are always interrupted here, cousin Graham," he continued drily; "we don't 'grub' with our father, thank goodness! Molly, go and take mother's place and pour out some tea for Graham. Come here, cousin, and have this chair next to me, and I'll tell you which are which. I am Francis, the eldest, the heir-apparent to—nothing. The next to me is Molly. Molly is my father's especial favorite."

Here Molly coughed and the whole family laughed.

"That is to say, my father is so fond of his eldest daughter that, next to my mother, he cannot bear any one else to wait upon him."

"Don't I wish he would!" quoth Molly.

"Molly is one-and-twenty, and Molly is engaged, though the governor doesn't know anything about that. His consent was asked and refused—and that, he thinks, was the end of the matter. You see that grand diamond ring she wears? Well, when my father comes on the scene, that ring vanishes. This is the way we manage: We have three houses; and, besides the one in the drawing-room corridor, this is the only window which looks out upon the courtyard, and, as you see, it opens down to the ground; so Jack Lacy, the intended brother-in-law, slips in here without the governor being any the wiser for it—for he rarely, with a delicacy which does him infinite honor, intrudes himself into this our sanctum. One night however he was too quick for us, and Jack slipped under the table. The Dragon suspected something, and looked underneath, but Jack had pulled up the boards and was safe in the cellar. The governor muttered something about rats, but he didn't go down into the cellar to investigate, and we escaped. The next to Molly is Dorothy—the one with the blue bow in her hair. Dorothy is nearly twenty, and the flower of the flock."

"Oh, I say, do shut up!" expostulated Dorothy, her face all aflame.

"Don't look so astonished, Graham," said Francis calmly; "you'll find we are accustomed to call a spade a spade here, and you'll soon get used to our ways. We expect Dorothy to make a great match."

"I can't hope to do better than Molly," interrupted Dorothy.

"No; Jack's tremendously handsome, and has heaps of coins," said Francis. "Well, Graham, to continue. After Dorothy is this one, Helen, commonly called Nell; and Nell is—well, Nell is the only one of us all who dares beard the lion in his den or out of it. Last week the Dragon threw a couple of books at her—we don't learn manners from our father, Graham; he leaves that department, like that of good looks, to our mother—and Nell coolly picked them up and tossed them back again—and a thundering good shot she made too. By Jove, I never, before or since, saw speechless astonishment so admirably depicted on a human countenance! Nell rushed away and locked herself in her bed-room; the Dragon bolted after her and tried to hammer the door in, and would probably have succeeded in five minutes longer, had not a maid come up to say that the Dean, was down-stairs, and my father had to bottle up his wrath and do the civil to the dear old Dean, who commiserated with him upon having workpeople in the house. Did you ever hear any more about it Nell?"

"No; the governor had to fetch Graham."

"Ah, yes, so you escaped—lucky for you!" was her brother's comment. "Well, to proceed. Constance is the next—that is she sitting by Molly—and she is rather a good girl, who pours oil on the burning fire of our father's wrath by always doing what he tells her, and invariably calling him 'Papa dear.' The beauty of the joke is that 'papa' goes in for being very 'good,' so he cannot reasonably find fault with the only one out of his little flock who treats him with respect and some show of affection. Oh, it is great fun to see him quivering with rage, yet unable to find a flaw in the perfect nature of Conny's life!"

"Pooh, you're jealous!" laughed Conny. "Do you know, when Adele and I went to the station to see him off, the wind, which came up the platform like a hurricane, made my eyes stream with water, and I had to pull out my pocket-handkerchief to dry them; the governor thought I was crying, and told me not to make such a disgusting exhibition of myself."

"Splendid!" cried Francis. "So he really thought you were getting up a little 'cry' in honor of his going away? Ha, ha! I don't think even you could be so horribly hypocritical as that. Well, Graham, you will think I am never going to get to the end of my list. After Conny comes George, who is at the grammar-school; and for rows and scrapes he beats all I have ever heard of or met with. The last was a love affair. George fell over head and ears in love with a girl at a boarding-school which he had to pass on his way to St. John's. Well, nothing would serve the young beggar but riveting his affections with an engagement ring; so what did he do but go to a second-rate sort of jeweller's and buy a swell ring on 'tick,' which we suppose he presented on the first opportunity. Nothing was said for some time, and then the bill came in to the governor. I couldn't describe the commotion; it was something awful. The governor was unapproachable for weeks. Don't look so astonished, cousin Graham; you won't think us so very strange when you come to know us a little better."

"I can't help thinking you strange," answered Graham. "Do you always have quarrels?"

"No, we don't often have quarrels, but we have continual 'rows' which is worse. Then after George are the twins, Adele and Cecile. They are chiefly distinguishable for an undue affection for dolls, a wholesome disgust for their paternal relative, and an utter abhorrence of the Church Catechism—in which last two sentiments Bobby joins heartily. Bobby is the little Benjamin of the family. Hallo, there's Jack!"—as a shadow was thrown across the window from without. "Come in, old man."

"Is the coast clear?" inquired the newcomer, stepping cautiously into the room.

"Yes, mother is closeted with the Dragon."

"Poor mother!" commented Jack commiseratingly.

"This is our cousin Graham," said Francis. "She has not yet recovered from her bewilderment; for, after traveling all day with the governor, I have utterly confused her by attempting to introduce her numerous relatives. This is Jack Lacy, cousin; and his position in the household is that of 'our Molly's young man.'"

Graham laughed.

"I have been hearing all about your escapades, Mr. Lacy."

"We don't have any titles here," interposed Molly. "Don't expect that Jack will call you 'Miss Falconer;' for I'm sure he won't."

"Oh, no!" agreed Jack. "You see I couldn't be always saying 'Miss Dorothy' and Miss Nell;' 'twouldn't sound natural."

"Very well," said Graham, who was already beginning to feel at home and easy with these hearty, outspoken cousins of hers. "Then, Jack, will you hand me some more cake, please?"

"Our newly-found relative seems to be a person of sense," said Francis, laughing. "Well mother"—as Mrs. Wyvill entered the room—"where's the Dragon? He's let you off easily to-night."

"Your father has gone to dine at the Deanery, dear," answered she. "Why, Jack, are you here? I did not hear you knock."

"No, birds were flying overhead," put in Francis.

"'There were no birds to fly,'" quoted Jack, familiarly. "No, mother, you certainly did not hear me knock; I shouldn't like Mr. Wyvill to catch me in here. I've been ordered out twice"—turning to Graham.

"Really?"

"Yes; the mother had orders not to admit me within the doors, and, like a sensible woman, she lets me in at the window. It is a case of

'Her father he had locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key.'

Eh, mother?"

"Two quotations in almost a breath!" exclaimed Francis. "I hope you're quite sober, Jack."

"As sober as daylight," answered he. "You'll think well of me, won't you, mother?"

"I think you're a bad boy," said Mrs. Wyvill, laughing. "I'm sure I don't know what it will lead to."

"It will lead to a plain gold ring above the diamond before long, mother," declared Jack.

At this Molly blushed, and the family exchanged glances of exquisite enjoyment.

"So you have been helping the Dragon to ultivate?" remarked Francis, after a pause. "Did he look as radiantly lovely as ever? It's to be hoped Miss St. George won't lose her heart."

"Francis!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyvill, with a faint show of displeasure.

"Now, mother dear, don't put on your Sunday looks—you cannot pretend to shut your eyes to the fact that the Dragon is a most dangerous man to be allowed about *en garcon*."

"Suppose we go into the drawing-room," said Mrs. Wyvill. "Perhaps, if we have a little music, Francis will not talk such nonsense."

"This is a treat I don't often have," Jack informed Graham on the way

The drawing-room was decidedly the nicest room at Wyvill's Court. It had originally been a large square room, with two windows looking on to the garden, but, when Mr. Wyvill took the house, another room had been added to it, not by taking down the wall, but by making an archway through it. The furniture was like that of the other rooms—relics of the past. There was a good deal of black oak and old china, which looked sadly out of place against the faded chintz covers—these had here and there a tear visible—and the battered music-books and ragged-looking portfolios piled against the piano; claret-colored curtains bordered with gold draped the windows and the archway between the rooms. Behind the archway was a huge old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa of capacious dimensions, whereon Jack and Molly sat down to have what Francis irreverently called a "quiet spoon."

"Draw the curtain a little closer—so. Now, my dear children, you look comfortable; pray don't let our proximity disturb you."

"Go away, Frank, there's a good fellow," said Jack. "Remember, I don't often have such a chance as this"—which Francis of course did.

The family soon settled down to their accustomed positions. Mrs. Wyvill installed herself in a high-backed oaken chair, having her work-basket close beside her; Dorothy drew Graham to a corresponding seat on the other side of the rug, which with some squeezing held them both; Constance went to the piano, on which instrument she excelled, playing long dreamy sonatas, which somehow reminded Graham of the sobbing of wind and sea at Ordmore; Nell was at a little table in the centre of the room, busy with some marvellous point-lace destined to trim a black-silk dress.

"Won't our Nell be splendid when that lace is done?" said Francis, as he lounged at full length on the fur hearthrug.

"Magnificent!" answered Dorothy. "We sha'n't know Nell. I suspect she will be too grand to acknowledge her humble relatives."

"Go to!" laughed Nell. "Why don't you set to work and make yourself a set? You'll have lots of time before the Yeomanry ball comes off."

"Oh, the Yeomanry ball!" sighed Dorothy. "I haven't a rag to go in, and the Dragon won't give me a thing. Oh, Graham, you don't know what it is not to have a gown fit to wear? I suppose"—with a great sigh—"I shall have to stay at home for want of a dress to go in. Jack has ordered a lovely dress for Molly, but we cannot reasonably expect him to dress the lot of us; and Nell's godmother sent her five-and-twenty yards of splendid black silk for a birthday present. Oh, I wish I had a godmother!"

"Haven't you really a dress?" inquired Graham, only half believing. This was a new phase of life to her; love she had always lacked, but dress—never!

"Really, I had a white tarlatan, but that was torn to fragments at the county ball last year."

"I've a lovely white silk—I got for Lady Fairlie's ball this summer, when Sir Gore came home from his great tour, you know. I wore it only that evening; and I think it would fit you splendidly."

Dorothy sat bolt upright, fierce excitement glowing in eyes and cheeks; the rest of the family looked frightened. This was an equally new idea to them.

"Graham," gasped Dorothy, "you're chaffing me!"

"Chaffing?" repeated Graham, in a mystified tone. "What do you mean?"

"I wish you would not use that odious slang, Dorothy," interposed Mrs. Wyvill. "She means you are joking, Graham."

"Joking," said Graham haughtily, with all the pride of the Falconers playing on her face. "I don't offer presents in joke, Dorothy."

"You're a darling," declared Dorothy. What is it like?"

"Well, very long, of course," answered Graham, "and a good thick one. The people at our post-town sent to Edinburg for it, and it was the best that could be had. I think it was the French pattern dress. But come into my room. I can find it in a minute."

The two girls left the room, Dorothy in a painful state of excitement. Graham soon singled out the box in which the wonderful costume was packed.

"Slip off your dress, and see how it fits," suggested the Scotch girl.

Dorothy did not need a second invitation, and in a few minutes was arrayed in a toilet the like of which she had never dreamed of possessing. It was certainly a most exquisite dress, made of rich corded white silk garlanded with tulle and violets.

"It's a lovely fit," remarked Graham, with great satisfaction, as she watched her pretty cousin promenading backwards and forwards before the glass, her hands clasped in uncontrollable delight.

"Let me go and show it to the others," said Dorothy at last.

"Well, put the wreath on first. Stay, let me do it."

A long wreath of purple and white violets was soon fixed on her hair, which was of a pretty golden hue; a white silken fan with groups of violets painted thereon was fastened to her waist; and then Graham turned her cousin slowly round.

"You want only gloves and a bouquet to be perfect," she exclaimed, in genuine admiration.

"You surely don't mean to give me the fan too?" cried Dorothy.

"Of course," was the careless answer. "It goes with the dress."

"But, Graham, the Dragon will never let me accept such a present as this. Why, it must have cost ten pounds!"

"I think it was eighteen," said Graham; "and you need have no scruple about taking it, unless you are too proud, for by the time I can go to balls the 'cut' will be old-fashioned, so that you are really doing me a favor by accepting it, for it is too pretty to lie in a box and turn yellow. Besides, what is the use of our being cousins, and vowing eternal friendship, if we cannot do each other a little favor of this sort?"

"Ah, yes, but I can never make you a like present," expostulated Dorothy.

Graham put her arms round her cousin's neck.

"I have been here only a few hours, and yet you have given me more love than I have had in all my life. Can't you understand, cousin, that things of this sort," touching carelessly the glistening folds of silk, "have no value for me whatever? But I crave and yearn for love, because all my life it has been denied me."

"You poor darling!" cried Dorothy, her sweet blue eyes shining through tears. "You will have love here, if nothing else. As if we could help loving you!"

The highland girl, accustomed to control her feelings, laughed brightly.

"I shall absorb any amount. And now come and show off."

"*Voila* Madame la Duchesse da," she began, throwing open the door of the drawing-room.

"De Rien," finished Francis.

"De la Toilette Blanche would be more appropriate," said Nell. "Why" Doll, you've cut me out and out!"

"My dear, you really must not rob your cousin of that lovely dress," declared Mrs. Wyvill, scanning her pretty daughter with admiring eyes.

"Now, aunt Gertrude," said Graham, "you must not talk like that. I have been telling Dorothy that she is doing me the greatest favor by accepting it. You know it is of no use letting a dress get old-fashioned before it is worn out—and I cannot go to balls before the year is over."

Mrs. Wyvill put up her hands in astonishment.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "we don't consider a dress old-fashioned at the end of a year!"

"No—nor at the end of two or three," laughed Nell. "Depend upon it, Prince Charming will appear at the Yeomanry ball and be violently smitten."

"How I wish he would!" sighed Dorothy, looking down on her brave attire with a delightful air of satisfaction.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," said Francis solemnly.

At that moment Adele put in her head at the door and announced that the Dragon was coming.

"Oh, Jack," exclaimed Molly's voice in a pitiful tone from the sofa, "there will be such a row!"

"Get under the sofa and lie quiet," directed Francis. "Molly, come, and Conny, get some needlework of some sort. There"—bringing a chess-table up to Molly's side and arranging the pieces in a sort of game—"I think that will do. Here he comes. Don't look so scared, Molly. Where's Dorothy?"

"Off like a shot at the first alarm. Trust her to keep her finery out of sight!" whispered Nell.

"Well, George," began Mrs. Wyvill, as her husband entered the room, "have you had a pleasant evening?"

"No, madam," was the short answer. Poor Mrs. Wyvill collapsed, and her husband's angry voice continued—"I have been hearing some news about your daughter, madam, and the way in which you

have permitted her to disgrace herself during my absence."

"I'm sure," began Mrs. Wyvill faintly.

"I repeat it, madam—disgrace herself. I hear that yesterday, she was flaunting about St. Thomas's street with that—that—that unprincipled villain Lacy!"

"Jack's not a villain," began Molly indignantly.

"Be silent!" thundered her father. "Leave the room instantly, and understand that you don't quit the house without my permission. Go!"

Molly went, thankful to be spared more, and Mr. Wyvill continued to pour forth a tirade against his iniquitous family, and especially against Jack Lacy, who, to the agony of the others, gave vent to his feelings every now and then by a burst of smothered laughter. At last with a frightful bang the angry gentleman quitted the room, and, as the door of the study, which was below, closed with a corresponding crash, the delinquent rolled out from his hiding-place perfectly convulsed with stifled laughter.

"I'll tell you what it is," said he. "If Molly and I don't make a bolt of it soon, I shall die of apoplexy. Fetch her, Francis, and then I'll be off."

He was soon safely out of the house, and then the whole family crept away to bed, Dorothy and Graham—who, by the latter's request, shared a room—lying half the night exchanging confidences—that is to say, Dorothy giving confidences and Graham lending a willing ear.

CHAPTER II.

In a few days Graham was quite at home at Wyvill's Court. It was impossible for a girl brought up as she had been, almost without love, not to appreciate the rough sturdy affection which the young Wyvills lavished upon her. To them this new cousin was a marvel, she was so different from themselves in every way. The only one who at all resembled her was Dorothy, and Dorothy was more of the languishing, "die-away" type, a pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired girl with a dainty peach-blossom face. Amongst her large-framed brothers and sisters she looked like a bit of Dresden China. Graham was slight and fair, but without Dorothy's brilliancy of coloring, and her dark eyes gave her face a melancholy expression quite unlike her cousin's. Still there was a very striking resemblance between them, and at a short distance they might very easily have been mistaken one for the other.

The whole family vied with each other in petting and making much of the Scotch girl; and, although Mr. Wyvill was cold and unloving, and his wife too much absorbed by her own troubles and the cares of her household to pay much attention to the new-comer, the children made Graham's life bright and happy. She found that Francis was a complete *preux chevalier*, always ready to protect his mother and help his sisters out of a difficulty—as Jack Lacy expressed it, "a sort of a fellow to help a lame dog over a stile." Of her uncle Graham saw very little, and for that she was thankful. Of course she was never summoned to his room in the imperious manner that the others were, and, as he never took his meals with the family, it often happened that days passed without her once encountering him.

The house was arranged thus. Number one was exclusively devoted to Mr. Wyvill, except the drawing-room—it was the end of a corridor, lighted by a window looking upon the courtyard; next to that room was Mr. Wyvill's bed-room, and then came two spare rooms. Branching off by the head of the staircase was a shorter corridor, leading into Graham's room, which Dorothy was to share with her; through it was a little room, which Molly occupied alone, and through that again was a larger room in which Nell and Constance slept. In turn that opened on to a square landing, with a staircase which descended close by the nursery door, and two short passages, one leading into Adele and Cecile's room, and the other into the third house, which, being the farthest from Mr. Wyvill's apartments, was set apart for the boys and family dining-room. Down-stairs the houses were connected in a similar way—the kitchens were in the centre house—and to get from Mr. Wyvill's rooms to the nursery and family dining-room one had to pass through the kitchens or else by way of the chain of bed-rooms. Mr. Wyvill often talked of having the place altered, but, to the immense relief of his family, it had not as yet been accomplished. It would have put an end to much of their fun and freedom if their father had been able to swoop down upon them at any moment.

For several days poor Molly was kept in durance vile—Francis had gone to London on business for his father—and it was not until the third evening that Jack came tapping at the nursery window. Dorothy sprang up to admit him.

"Is the coast clear?" he demanded with his usual happy laugh; but, catching sight of Molly sitting at the table, her blue eyes drowned in tears, her lips quivering, and her frame shaking with uncontrollable sobs, his face darkened, and he made one stride to his *fiancee's* side. "What has the Dragon been saying to you, my darling?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" wailed Molly, burying her face on his breast.

"Hush, my love! What is the meaning of this? Dorothy, you tell me."

"Well, it was the governor," began Dorothy. "Hush! Is that—no—it's all right. Well, Molly was standing at the window in the drawing-room corridor, trying to catch a glimpse of you if you went that way to the Cathedral, as you told her you would in your letter. Whilst she was there the Dragon came up-stairs, and Molly who was not paying much attention, thought it was one of us, and said, without turning round, 'Oh, I wish I could get out! Jack will be waiting in the nave for me, and I promised I would go if I could.' 'Did you, madam?' exclaimed the Dragon.' It was almost Mr. Wyvill's voice that spoke, so exactly did Dorothy imitate his harsh grating tones. "I'll teach you to make disgraceful assignations, and—and——"

"Well?" said Jack, while Molly broke into fresh sobs.

"He boxed her ears."

"He is a brute!" muttered Jack between his closed teeth.

"And poor dear Molly has been closeted until ten minutes ago; and, oh, Jack, do try make her eat something! She has had nothing at all since one o'clock. Upon my word I thought she was going frantic when she came out."

"What did he say to you, my darling?" inquired Jack tenderly.

"He—he—said," began Molly.

"What, my love?"

"He said that if I spoke to you again he'd turn me out."

"I wish he would," said Jack heartily. "Now"—Dorothy having poured out a cup of hot coffee—"drink this, my darling, and have some muffins. Hand me the marmalade, and then we can talk matters over."

Molly, immeasurably comforted by the presence of her lover, fell to work upon the coffee and muffins, eating with her head resting against Jack, as he sat on the arm of her chair. Sitting thus, Jack could not long remain in anger, and he began laughing at Graham's awe struck face.

"Look at Graham!" he cried. "What a savage lot she must think us! Don't you think I've plenty of pluck to marry into such a family?"

"Jack!" exclaimed Molly, her eyes overflowing again.

"Don't cry, darling. I was only teazing Graham to make her alter that long face. What do you think of your uncle, Graham?"

Graham drew down the corners of her mouth, and, with an expressive movement which puckered up her nose into a mass of wrinkles, said, "Ugh!"

"Brevity is the soul of wit," laughed Jack; "and I'll be hanged if I have ever heard contempt, disgust, fear, and loathing all expressed in one word so well."

"Not fear," said Graham scornfully. "We Falconers don't understand fear; our motto is 'We dare!'"

"It is a very good one too. Mine is '*Prenez garde*;'" and that's what my respected father-in-law will have to do if he insults my wife again."

A general laugh, in which Molly joined, followed this—Molly was already beginning to forget her troubles.

"Where's the mother?" asked Jack, after a while.

"Closeted," answered Nell, who came into the room at that moment. "I've been listening—don't look so shocked, Graham; we are obliged to be dishonorable here—and he has been saying that Molly shall be sent to the convent of St. Judith at Beckingham—an awfully strict Protestant sisterhood."

"The deuce!" ejaculated the young man, to whom Molly clung like grim death. "When?"

"Some time next week; and she is not to leave the house until she goes."

"I'm off!" exclaimed Jack.

"No, no, Jack—don't leave me!" cried poor Molly; while the others inquired with one voice, "Where to?"

"To London, to get a special. I'll be back to-morrow night, and will come straight here. Leave the window unfastened."

"The Dragon is going to dine with the Bishop to-morrow night," said Dorothy.

"Is the mother going too?"—"Yes."

"Then Willy Blake shall settle matters by this time to-morrow night. Don't cry, my darling—there's no help for it. Of course I'd rather have taken you in the regular way, but what can one do with a lunatic like this?"

"Nothing," said Graham, speaking for the first time. "I wonder you didn't take her long since; if you'd been a Scotchman, you would have done so."

"I've threatened a great many times, but this shall be the last. Now, my own love, don't be afraid of anything, and"—to Dorothy—"don't let her make herself ill with crying. I must be off now. I'll just have time to see Blake and make arrangements with him before I catch the mail."

It was lucky he did not stay longer, for Mr. Wyvill came into the room two minutes after the window was closed.

"I thought I ordered you to go to your room," he said to Molly. "What do you mean by disobeying me? Go to your room at once, and understand that you are not to communicate with the rest of the household until I give permission. Stay"—as Molly reached the door—"go into the Blue Room—I cannot trust any of you."

On hearing this, Dorothy, who was standing with Graham behind Mr. Wyvill, gave her cousin a tremendous squeeze.

"Graham," continued he, "I forbid you to speak to that girl on any pretence whatever. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Then see that you obey." So saying, he left the room.

"I am going to look after mother," said Nell. "I expect she'll have an awful headache, and the Dragon will make her go to-morrow, no matter how ill she is."

"Poor mother!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Whatever could have induced her to marry such a man as the Dragon I cannot imagine. She was only eighteen—and you can see how beautiful she has been. Her life is a long martyrdom, and she cannot get away from it as we can."

"She looks very jaded and miserable," said Graham; and then, after a long pause, she asked, "Why did you pinch me when uncle told Molly to go to the Blue Room?"

"Because he will lock her in to-morrow when he goes to the Palace, and we have another key that fits the lock! If he had put her in the Pink Room, she would have toclimb out of the window. A cab! Who is that? It must be Francis. Well, is not that a blessing?"

Francis came in declaring that he was famishing. Dorothy quickly rang for refreshments, and poured him out some of the coffee she had made for Molly's especial benefit, relating to him, whilst he was eating, the disasters of the past three days.

"I thought Jack wouldn't put up with it much longer," he said, laughing heartily at the idea of the Blue Room having been chosen as a prison. "Who's going to perform the ceremony?"

"Will Blake."

"Won't there be a storm when it's found out? All the tempests and hurricanes that ever blew round your castle, Graham, will be nothing in comparison with the awful fury of my father's righteous indignation."

"Pooh!" said Graham, laughing. "The storms at my castle are consistent, and sometimes the sea is quite calm; but uncle George is like the maelstrom."

"By Jove, that's capital!" exclaimed Francis. "The maelstrom! Oh, by-the by, I've news for you! The governor will have to be in town on the seventeenth to meet the Commission on Church Vestments. Isn't that about the time of the ball, Dorothy? Has the invitation come?"

"Yes, this morning."

"I suppose you've not shown it?"

"Why, Francis, do you think we are crazy? It is safe in the inmost recess of Graham's dressing-case. We knew no other place was sacred. Now, Graham, I vote we go to bed; and remember, Francis, you know nothing of the tumult."

"All right. Good night."

It was still early; but the two girls stayed up far into the night turning over Molly's things and packing sufficient to last her until Jack could get her *trousseau*. And, when Nell came in from her mother's room, a box was shown her quite ready, which they hid away in a large closet behind the bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The statement comes from a Democratic source that Mr. Tilden expended $370,000 in his campaign for the Presidency.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Beneath the waning moon I walk at night
And muse on human life, for all around
Are dim, uncertain shapes that cheat the night,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness here and there
Glance through and leave unwarmed the deathlike air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear,
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;
And lights that tell of cheerful homes appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyrean height
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out the loom of Time the years
Unroll a fabric all must wear;
The woof of joy and warp of tears
Are span by moving hopes and fears,
And pressed by weighty-rolling Care.

What measure unto each is given?
A span may gauge the greatest parts;
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Do reach, as in the quiet even
Short prayers sent up from children's hearts.

The web too quickly for us all
Is wove, while fast the shuttles fleet;
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us as our pall,
Or round us as our winding sheet.

Cousin Charley.

"Cousin Charley's coming home! Cousin Charley's coming home!" cried little twelve-year-old Maud Bentley, darting breathlessly, full of the important news, into the breakfast-room. "Pa has just had a letter. I heard him telling mamma, in the dressing-room, as I went in to kiss her."

Her elder sister, Kate, who presided at the urn, changed color, and her heart began to beat fast; but she said nothing, an omission which excited Maud's indignation.

"Why don't you say something, sister Kate?" she cried, shaking her by the sleeve. "Are you not glad? If I were a boy, I'd hurrah."

"I'll hurrah for you," said Master Freddy, a youngster of eight, with his mouth full of buttered toast. "I don't remember Cousin Charley, but they say he's a brick. He'll bring me, maybe, a big knife, with twenty blades, from London! Jim Stanley has a stunner, that his father bought there for him. Hurrah!"

"Freddy, dear," said Kate, mildly, "don't use such slang phrases, please. Gentlemen never do."

"Just so," answered Freddy, coolly. "But then, you see, I'm not a gentleman yet. I'm only a school boy." And he went on stuffing himself with toast.

Notwithstanding her assumed indifference, Kate's heart was beating like a forge-hammer. Up to four years ago, when Cousin Charley had gone abroad to finish his education at a German university, Kate and he had been all in all to each other. She was at that time sixteen, and he four years older. Charley had been, as it were, brought up in the family, for when his parents died he was only five years old, and as his father had been Mr. Bentley's cousin, the boy had been committed to the latter's guardianship. All Charley's holidays, therefore, had been spent at the Bentleys; in winter at their town-house, in summer at their country-seat. As Kate developed into girlhood, he and she became inseparable. He would have no other partner at the children's parties they attended together in town. In the country she would go out with no one else fishing, or rambling in the woods. It was one of those childish attachments at which the elders of the family smile good naturedly, aware that they generally come to nothing. It began to look more serious, however, when, at twenty, Cousin Charley still persisted in his devotion.

"He is going abroad, however, for four years," said Mr. Bentley, when his wife expressed some anxiety on the subject; "and when he comes back, he will probably have forgotten Kate. Of course there is no objection to Charley in himself. He has a good fortune, and is everything that is desirable. But Kate, at least, is too young to think of marriage."

Cousin Charley received a hint of his uncle's opinion on the subject, and went away without any formal engagement to Kate. It must be confessed she was surprised. But she remained true, nevertheless. A year after, when she began to go into society, his image still had such power over her that no one of her many suitors was able to supplant it. Thus she had reached the age of twenty, and was still unmarried. People called her cold. Even her parents thought it odd, for they had long ceased to connect her and Cousin Charley together.

But now we know why Kate's heart beat so fast on that December morning; and why, nevertheless, she assumed such an air of unconcern.

Cousin Charley came, and more than realized her maiden ideal, for he was still as merry and kind-hearted as of old, with the most distinguished manners superadded. But, alas! for poor Kate, there was no renewal of the old intimacy. At their first interveiw she held back, and Cousin Charley had little to say—in fact, seemed rather embarrassed. The secret was soon out. Kate had an old schoolmate who had come that day to spend the holidays with her, a beautiful, Juno-like girl. The moment that Livia Randolph entered the room, Cousin Charley's whole manner changed. It came out that he and Livia were old friends, and had spent most of the preceding winter in Paris together. Kate was quite left out of the conversation. Nevertheless, she could not help admiring Cousin Charley's quick wit, his eloquent language, his warm enthusiasm as to all things noble and good.

"I am nobody," she said to herself with a sigh. "He forgets the old times altogether."

As the days went on, and Christmas drew near, this conviction became more fixed. Cousin Charley came constantly to the house; but it was always with Livia he talked. There seemed a complete understanding between them. She was invariably in the drawing-room awaiting his visit, and before he had been there long she and he managed to be together on some distant sofa whispering. Kate could not help thinking this was rude; but her heart was sore, and she forgot that the same law cannot be applied to lovers as to others. Now and then Cousin Charley, as if recollecting his good manners, would address himself to Kate, but it was always in a stiff, constrained way; and Kate, instinctively, answered in the same cold and reserved fashion.

Great preparations were being made at the Bentleys to celebrate Christmas and New Year. There was to be a dancing-party and a supper on Christmas Eve, and the dining-room was to have, suspended from the chandelier, a huge bunch of mistletoe; and woe be to the pretty girl that was caught under it, for the old-fashioned penalty of a kiss would be sure to be exacted. The arrangements were superintended by Kate herself, she being practically housekeeper, her mother having been for years very much of an invalid. All day Kate was busy, going and coming. She even denied herself to callers. But Livia, as a guest, was of course free from all these cares, and sat in the drawing-room, resplendent in beauty, receiving visitors till late in the afternoon.

Just before dusk, Cousin Charley came. Kate happened to be passing through the back part of the hall, and heard him ask the footman if Miss Randolph was in. She noticed particularly that he did not inquire for her. "He knew I would be busy," she said, "and has chosen this day on purpose: I have no doubt he is going to propose to her. Well, I wish with all my heart they may be happy." But alas! poor girl, her sigh and her woe-begone face belied her words.

About fifteen minutes later, Kate, returning from the kitchen, glanced into the back drawing-room, the door of which was just opposite the foot of the hall staircase. Livia and Cousin Charley were standing by the mantel-piece, in full sight. Cousin Charley was handing Livia a miniature, which she began immediately to kiss passionately. They were so absorbed that they did not hear Kate's footsteps, which indeed were hardly audible on the thick Axminster carpet, and in a moment she had darted up the staircase, and was out of sight.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, when she had gained her own room, and locked the door behind her, and she pressed both hands on her heart, which she thought would break. Then she flung herself on the bed, face downwards, and burst into an agony of tears.

She had thought she was prepared for the blow; but she found she was not. A little hope, after all, had lingered in her heart, fed by looks that Cousin Charley gave her now and then, or that she fancied he gave. But now even this slight bit of comfort was gone. She had seen, with her own eyes, the engagement. Cousin Charley had given Livia his miniature, and the passionate way in which she kissed it showed how she loved him.

Poor Kate! We draw a veil over the next half hour. By and by she washed her eyes, readjusted her hair, and went back to her household duties. Then she met the family at dinner, and talked as cheerfully as if nothing had happened, and was particularly amiable to Livia, who, it was plain to see, was in the most extravagant spirits. This conversation was principally about the ball in the evening, which everybody predicted was going to be a great success.

"You must look your prettiest to night, sister Kate," said the talkative Freddy, "for everybody says that you and Livia are the two handsomest girls in town; and it wouldn't do, you know, to be pretty, and not do justice to it; and a stunning dress goes a great way." And the precocious young critic nodded his head as sagaciously as Lord Burleigh, while everybody laughed.

Kate had no heart for fine clothes; but she knew it was expected of her that she should look particularly elegant; so she chose a stiff, white silk, which, with its appropriate trimmings, everybody declared made her look bewitching. She finished her toilet early, in order that she might make the tour of the rooms. She first visited the drawing-room, and then passed on to the dining-room. Here she saw that the tables were set for the guests, and that nothing remained but to serve the supper at the proper hour.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her, and turning quickly, found herself almost in Cousin Charley's arms, and directly under the mistletoe. Instinctively she struggled to get free. But Cousin Charley was too strong for her. Half laughingly, yet radiant with triumph, he clasped her by the waist, held her tight, and kissed her.

Kate's first feeling, on finding herself in those dear arms—shall we confess it?—was one of exquisite bliss. And if she could have lain there for ever, sure of Cousin Charley's love, she would have been perfectly content. For just one moment she gave herself up to this delicious dream. For just one moment she let Cousin Charley's heart beat against her own. Only she looked up at him, half-shyly, half beseechingly, blushing furiously, and whispered, in maidenly protest:

"Oh, Cousin Charley!"

Then, all at once, she remembered Livia, and the scene she had witnessed that afternoon. The whole current of her feelings was changed in an instant. With an angry gesture, she freed herself from Cousin Charley, crimsoning redder than ever, but this time with shame for herself and indignation at him.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she cried, passionately; and then breaking down, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Cousin Charley drew back frightened, and began to stroke his moustache, looking at her with wide open eyes, the very picture of dismay and bewilderment.

"It was mean, cowardly, to take advantage of a girl, because she was weaker than yourself," she sobbed.

"But—but," stammered Cousin Charley, rallying at last, "I thought it was understood that when a girl was caught under the mistletoe one had a right to kiss her. 'Pon my word, I did. I'm awfully sorry that I've offended you, Kate, I didn't mean it, I'm sure. I've been on the look-out for days for a chance to speak to you alone." Kate, in spite of her tears, opened her eyes wide. "I came early to-night, hoping to catch you before others arrived. I thought I was the happiest fellow alive, when I found you here. But I see how it is. You've hardly spoken a kind word to me since I came home. The old days are forgotten——"

"Stop!" interrupted Kate, angrier than ever, for she did not believe a word of this. She believed, on the contrary, that he was trifling with her. He had learned in Paris, she said to herself, to do these things. "Don't think you can talk to everybody," she went on, vehemently, "as you talk to Livia. Go to her"—sobbing—"if you want—kisses."

Now if Kate had been herself she would never have said this. No well-conducted young lady would. But Kate was tormented out of all self-control by jealousy and outraged maidenliness.

"Livia! What has Livia to do with it?" said Cousin Charley, more astounded than ever. "It isn't Livia I love—it is you."

His voice, as he spoke these last words, quivered with emotion and tenderness. In his eagerness, he drew nearer to Kate again.

"Me!" cried Kate, moving away quickly. She could not believe it. This was only another form of insult. Was he a Grand Turk, to throw his handkerchief to everybody? "Don't touch me. I know you too well. Didn't I see you this very afternoon leaning over Livia—giving her your miniature—and now you dare to speak to me in this—this way?"

"Good heavens!" cried Cousin Charley, beside himself with despair, "how you misconceive! Don't leave the room," stepping forward to intercept her. "Or only hear one word first. I thought everybody knew—you, especially—that Livia was engaged to Harry——"

"Engaged?" interrupted Kate.

"Yes, engaged to Harry Johnstone, whom I left in London. He and Livia met last winter in Paris. I brought Harry's miniature over, which he had just painted, to give to Livia; but I mislaid it stupidly, and only found it again this morning. Confound it! I'll never do a kind action!" And he turned away, and wiped his forehead, where great drops of agony had gathered.

There was silence for a moment. Then came a soft, low voice:

"And—and—you don't really love Livia?" it said. "It was all a mistake?"

"I've never loved anybody but you," answered Cousin Charley, with his face still averted; "and it's cruelly unjust to a fellow."

There was another moment of silence. Then Kate drew near, and stole a little hand into his.

"You won't be angry with me, Cousin Charley, will you?" whispered the soft, low voice.

"Angry with you!" cried Cousin Charley, turning quickly. Then he saw what made him catch her in his arms. "And you mean to say you love me?" Bless you, darling! Oh! how can I thank you?"

Before the evening was half over everybody in the house knew that Cousin Charley and Kate were engaged.

FEMININITIES.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

A woman need not always recall her age, but she should never forget it.

A St. Louis woman who saw some boys throwing stones at her son, was so startled that she died.

Mrs. C. M. Perkins has been ordained to the ministry in West Concord, Vt. Her husband preached the ordination sermon.

"One half the world don't know how the other half live," said a gossiping woman. "That ain't your fault," was the reply of a lady present.

"In a good house all is quickly ready," not counting, of course, the young lady whom you have called to take to church. She is always a half hour behind time.

A gentleman advertising for a wife says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

Professor Alexander Hogg, of the Texas Agricultural and Medical College, proposes that the Government should appropriate a certain amount of public lands in each State for the maintenance of higher educational institutions for women.

When reproved for failing to keep an engagement with another gentleman, a brave but devoted husband replied: "My dear sir, my intentions were excellent, but a man with a red-haired wife is liable to break many engagements against his will."

A poetess weighing 160 pounds yearns "to twitter as a bird on some lone spray." When she gets on a spray and begins to twitter there is going to be an item for a local paper unless the spray is as thick as an underground gas pipe.

To remove freckles, let young ladies bathe the face with cologne water after tea and about 10 P. M. brush both cheeks, the forehead, and chin with a carefully selected moustache. If this does not remove the freckles, it will, under ordinary circumstances, cause them to be forgotten.

The London *World* says: "The education of women in this country—and the remark is true to some extent of Europe generally—is under bondage to a mass of foolish tradition; and one of the first measures towards its reform would be the reduction of what are called accomplishments to their legitimate proportions."

One of two young ladies who recently visited the city from the country, wrote home as follows: "We attract a good deal of attenshun promenadin the streets like other ladys and holden up our cloze. Nobody isn't nothin now-a-days which don't hold up their cloze, and the hiar you holds 'em the more attenshun you attract."

A popular doctor of Utica, N. Y., while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore-throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a pantaloon button, with a note saying he must have given her the wrong kind of a troche, and might need this one.

Directions for fainting: Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, where there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view—such as going out of town, or a new gown, or being taken to some *fete*, or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

Here is another group of Washington ladies, as described by various expert observers: Miss Evarts has satin-like blonde hair, very fair complexion, and "enough of the Evarts nose to give character to her face." Moreover, she "moves with willowy grace, and looks and walks the gentle, refined, unmistakable lady, the breath of peace upon her lips, the shine of an undisturbed quiet in her starry eyes." Miss Sherman, who is to marry Don Cameron, has a fresh, bright face, deep blue eyes, and regular features. She is 18, and Don is 52. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is, "if possible, more beautiful than when in the flush of her early girlhood. She is as fascinating, and as immortally young, as the rabbis depict Lilith, Adam's first wife, to have been." Mrs. Key is "the most elegantly graceful lady at the capital."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Flower Beds.—Leave the sunny situations of your flower beds for geraniums, heliotropes, and such plants as need the direct rays of the sun.

Plants.—If the dirt is infested with insects and the plant is dying, remove the plant from the pot, shake the dirt carefully from the roots, get good rich fresh earth and repot the plant.

Uses of Salt.—Salt cannot be used largely as a fertilizer, but it helps to kill lice on cabbages, helps to induce "curling in," or heading, and on onions and cabbages a moderate use of it induces moisture and promotes turin.

Milk Absorption.—Good dairymen contend that milk is partly absorbed when kept for a long time in the udder, also asserting that cows milked thrice daily produce more milk and butter than if they are milked only twice a day.

English Tramps.—They have tramps in England. Lately they have been engaged in catching horses in the fields and cutting the hair from the animals tails. This they sell to manufacturers. The disfigurement of horses from this cause is said to be considerable.

Planting Trees.—In planting trees, recollect they are not a stake to be driven into the ground. Dig a large, flat pit for the tree, and put in the bottom surface-loam. Spread the roots out carefully and equally, and place the loose, fine dirt under and among the roots, with the hand. Fill up the hole and press it down gently with the foot, but do not stamp it down.

Peas and Beans.—Peas and beans, corresponding more with the elements of fat than the various grains, are better adapted to the production of wool than either wheat, corn rye, barley, oats or buckwheat. These latter, together with the rutabaga turnip, being peculiarly adapted to the production of fat, should be used mostly for the feed of sheep when undergoing the process of fattening.

Cooked Meat for Fowls.—Fowls, as well as dogs, become quarrelsome when fed on raw meat. Besides, cooking makes it more nutritious. When raw, it is rather harsh and crude, compared with the mild natural diet of worms and grubs, which are for the most part soft and easily dissolved by digestion. Occasionally, for variety, a little meat may be given raw. Fish is more conveniently given boiled, because in that state the fowls easily pick every morsel from the bones, and no mincing is required. Chandlers' scraps have the advantage of being already cooked, and on that account and on many others are excellent.

Oats for Fodder.—One of the best ways to reinforce the hay-mow is to sow a good surface with oats, and cut the crop while stalks are still green and full of juice. The time to harvest, when sown for this purpose, is just as the sap is about to leave the stalk and concentrate in the berry. This is done quickly when the movement is once begun, so you must watch the crop closely and be ready to start the scythe to a day. Cut and cured in this manner you will average two tons to the acre, and the stock will eat it with great avidity. It is very rich in nutrition, and should be fed with judgment. For colts and brood mares, no feeding can be better. If you wish to fatten stock with it, run it through a machine and sprinkle cracked rye on it, reinforced with a slight dash of corn meal.

Parisian Knicknacks.

In Parisian knicknacks, luminous butterflies and phosphorescencies of various descriptions have succeeded the other barometrical and phosphorescent flowers of a few weeks ago. These butterflies being only luminous in the dark, their appropriateness does not strike one very forcibly. Much more useful and ornamental is the small thermometer, Centigrade as well as Reaumur, mounted in a frame on a chromo card. Four concealed cylinders, are pasted underneath; they can be altered from day to day by turning a small button. One of these pasteboard contrivances shows the date of the year, another the name of the month, a third the date of the month, and the fourth the day of the week, through four oval apertures in the chromo figure loophole windows.

A new thing is the Psyche, a hand mirror apparently when it hangs from the wearer's side, but in fact it is no mirror, only a smooth shining piece of vellum imitating ivory, on which notes have been marked down, such as purchases to be made, orders to be given, measures, directions, etc. A small pencil runs up on one side, or, if the wearer prefer, across the top. The back of the Psyche is beautifully ornamented with silver veining and incrustations of birds. Birds are likewise painted on the outside of letter envelopes, as well as inside the front sheet; they are usually swallows and storks, but the living thing most in favor at present is the adder and serpent. Some are executed in precious stones; and cells stretching out so as to leave a hollow down in the centre, through which the stalks of nosegays or bouquets are passed. When one or two flowers are loosely run inside of these holders, and they are placed on a table, anyone would imagine that an adder is twisting round them; but, unfortunately, things are often overdone, and I have seen the poor flowers pressed in so tightly and closely, from being too numerous, that they fade in a few minutes.

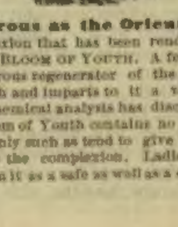
A beautiful cover for the whist table was last week exhibited at one of our best Berlin wool repositories. It was made of dark green velvet, strewn with appliques of white flannel, on which were embroidered in silk crewel stitch diamonds, spades, etc. The cards were thrown about by three and by four in a group. The objection would be that they are too beautifully worked to look like embroidery, and so natural that any old gentleman would try to pick them up; it is a daylight decoration for the preservation of valuable card-tables. A charming trifle is made for a needle-book out of a common piece of beehive toweling. The inside of each comb is dotted with a needleful of silk, or with a guipure d'art flower; a crochet lace is worked round, and the inside of the wrapper is fitted with flannel for needles, and with flannel pockets for winders. Pretty work-boxes, made of equally inexpensive substance, are very French and appropriate. The wood is plain, very white deal, and forms a house, of which the roof is a lid, and can be opened like any other box. The gutter all round is for needles or pins, the tiles for the thimble, the trees are silk winders, etc., while the inside, opened by a front door, is divided into floors for different pieces of work, buttons, silks, etc. The most amusing part is the cellar for darning cotton, and a tub for marking thread, which is still used in Paris. We should prefer a tub of marking ink. A characteristic of these houses so full of industrious notions is that they are of varied architecture. Some are mediæval, and, being so, bear inscriptions. A modern rustic cottage shows a vine full of luscious grapes, which hold scent. An emery fox outside wistfully looks up at them, and the inscription bears *Ils sont trop verts*. Buildings are in vogue for all sorts of work. The newest idea is to work *en grisaille* the exact reproduction of a photo representing one's chateau, or an old feudal seat. This is done in silks, and all around are the flowers or plantations, or foliage, most loved by the owners. Dwellings belonging to the dignitaries in the army have, *en guirlande*, the weapons and insignia of their regiment slung among the twisted branches. All the greens are shaded olive. As several of the noblesse prefer only a scutcheon, persons not titled borrow all the armory of old, and surround the view of their seats with crossbows, heavy axes, maces, shields, etc.

A singular idea for a fumoir is a cushion on which spreads water-lily foliage most beautifully shaded; but, instead of the lovely flower, a most hideous pipe is seen. More appropriate would have been the tobacco plant and leaf.

As the new shade for red is "coq en colere," the new carved heads are cocks' heads. These are viewed on paper-knife handles, and even on the handles of parasols. "Toujours gai" and "Toujours unique" are the favorite mottoes.

A new idea for large bouquets is not only to encircle them with real lace instead of lace paper, but to bind them with wide ribbons painted with water colors.

Mme. Lejeune's new coffers for dkerchiefs, bon-bons, letters, etc., are with beads *en relief* on cloth of gold. w



As Lustrous as the Oriental Pearl

is the complexion that has been rendered beautiful by Laird's Bloom of Youth. A few applications of this wondrous regenerator of the skin removes every blemish and imparts to it a velvet softness. Moreover, chemical analysis has disclosed the fact that the Bloom of Youth contains no hurtful ingredients, but only such as tend to give freshness and brilliancy to the complexion. Ladies may therefore rely upon it as a safe as well as a certain beautifier.

NEVER AGAIN.

She wandered by the lonely shore,
And listened to the moaning sea;
And sad and weary was her wail,
"O waves! give back my love to me!"

But the wide billows rose and fell,
And took no heed of her sad prayer;
And bright the moon above her shone,
And glinted on her flaxen hair.

The light of love within her heart
Was darkened by the murky lee;
And ever came a wailing cry,
"O waves! give back my love to me!"

They rippled till they reached her feet;
She did not feel the touch of death,
But looked to see her own true love
And feel the kisses of his breath.

She knelt upon the cold wet sand,
The rising tide she could not see,
But clasped her hands, and wildly cried,
"O waves! give back my love to me!"

They never saw sweet May again,
Although they sought from east to west;
The waves had borne her to her love
And gently stilled the weary breast.

BITTER-SWEET;

Or, Robert Yorke's Fate and Fortune.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDGED TOOLS," "KING COPHETUA; OR, RUBY NORTH'S LOVERS," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

A piano, painfully audible through the thin wall, and much in need of tuning, broke out with a distorted variation on the "Keel Row" played over and over again with maddening persistence, and a complacent repetition of the same mistake in the same bar each time. The girl who had been pacing the floor of her small room, book in hand, and trying—not to study the part of Rosalind, for that she had not time, but—to hammer the mere words into her head as soon as possible—the tall pale girl in the black gown, stopped in despair, and pressed her hands to her temples.

"First the organ in the street, and now my neighbor's daily practice," she sighed, too thoroughly dejected to smile at the hideous noise. "I don't know whether it is for want of sleep or not, but I am afraid I am 'losing my study.' I cannot keep a sentence in my head to-day for five minutes together."

Once more she took up the book and paced the floor.

"Alas, the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word," she repeated in a dull mechanical fashion, while the piano kept on relentlessly, and the shouts of children at play beneath the window in the narrow street outside—sounds which might have been pretty and suggestive at a distance or in a green country lane—mingled distractingly with the abominable strains.

There was a little fire in the grate, although the March afternoon was gray and chill, and the ill-fitting sashes rattled drearily with every gust of wind; but Miss Charteris, of the Theatre Royal, Grindham, had not time to feel cold, and the delicate boy who lay on the sofa was covered warmly with a great woollen shawl. On a little table at his elbow were a bunch of wallflowers in a mug and a few grapes, and the actress, as she paced softly up and down, stopped from time to time to see if the boy was still asleep, and to pass her handkerchief across his forehead. And then she resumed her weary walk and her part, and the words—Rosalind's arch gracious words—seemed to set themselves to the tune that resounded stridently from next door and to dance in her brain in an unseemly fashion.

"I hope I am not going to be ill," she thought at last, sinking heavily into a chair. "What will become of us if I am?" Burying her pallid face in her hands, the actress prayed in feverish words that she might be spared this great affliction, since there was no one but herself to work for the child who had been entrusted to her by their dead mother.

It had been easy to change "Miss Olive Carew" into "Miss Charteris" in the playbills, but in so doing the poor little struggling actress, who sought to conceal her whereabouts from her two lovers, had at the same time lessened her chances of obtaining good engagements by sacrificing what little prestige attached to her own name. Besides this, she had purposely avoided the more important towns where she was more likely to be traced, so that her resources, never very large, had been painfully cramped for months after her flight from Woolchester. This would have mattered little to her if it had not been for Nelson's health, which, even Olive, was obliged to admit to herself with a dreadful sinking of the heart, began to fail rapidly under the privations which for some time had little or no effect on her own blooming and vigorous frame.

"I must not be ill," she thought, shuddering, as again and again the words of the part escaped her, and danced in maddening fashion to the rhythm of her neighbor's piano. "Heaven will not make me suffer such punishment as that for my fault! I did wrong. I know it now. I committed a sacrilege against love in promising to marry Dr. Yorke, even for Nelson's sake, and all this misery has come of it. I confess that I was worldly, and disloyal to Jack, and ungenerous to poor Robert, but——I must not be ill—that would be too horrible!" The book fell to the ground, and the actress started to her feet with a long despairing breath. "I must go out," she thought, going to the window, and looking at the dreary sky and the dust swirling along the street. "I must take my 'part' somewhere away from the sound of that piano. Nelson won't miss me for half an hour. He is sleeping so soundly—bless my darling!"

The boy did not stir as she kissed him and stole out of the room; and so, putting on her hat, and a jacket which was far too thin for so bleak a day, Miss Charteris shut the little hall-door noiselessly behind her, and made her way, "part" in hand, through the swarms of children at play in the narrow street. There was a stunted little park at some distance from the town. It stood on a hill, and was usually deserted, as Olive had discovered, at that hour of the day, so she turned in that direction. The wind blew through her thin garments, chilling her to the bone, the dust blinded her; but she thought, with a dull sense of relief, that with every step she was leaving the "Keel Row" farther behind, and that under the bare brown trees on the hill there were solitude and silence at least—two boons utterly unknown in Chapel Place. If she could be by herself for an hour, the girl thought feverishly, perhaps that horribly tight band round her forehead would give away, and she would think and remember and study again.

The little park seemed like a haven of rest therefore, as it loomed above her, stiff and sad and square, against the colorless sky, and, though she felt very tired, and her knees seemed to bend strangely under her as she walked, Olive struggled on—still holding her "part" in her hand—through the sordid outskirts of the town, and up the hilly road, where the wind rushed down to meet her, whistling sharply, and the steep ascent took away her breath. Half-way up the hill she was compelled to stop and recover herself. There was a big gray stone by the roadside, and on this she sat down, and then tried to fasten back her hair, which was blowing across her face and getting into her eyes. As she lifted her hands, a great gust came rushing by, and carried the "part" from her lap, and blew it half-way down the hill she had just climbed. It was nothing very serious. A year ago Olive would have laughed, and run a race with the wind for her book. But now she stood and looked after it, her poor thin gown fluttering and flapping dismally, and her long hair streaming before her face, and she felt very wretched indeed.

"I must go and look for it," she sighed—"I don't know a line of the last act yet. I hope it won't blow all the way back to Chapel place." As the girl turned to begin the descent of the hilly road, she saw that some one was coming towards her from the town. "I will wait," she thought, sitting down wearily again on the big stone. "Perhaps he will pick it up and bring it with him." And she drew her thin jacket closer round her—for the wind was bitter cold, and her teeth were chattering.

The man who was coming towards her must soon pass. Yes; there was his hat just showing above the hedges—and such a long ruddy beard, like Jack's—and gray clothes like Jack's. Ah, if it were only Jack, he would bring her the book! But Jack was far enough away from Grindham, thank Heaven! Jack would never know how hard she had tried to study that "part," and how her head was aching and how the wind was deadening her with cold, numbing her hands and her brain too, and——. Now she could hear the man's footsteps on the stony road, and there he was coming round the little turning in the path.

Miss Charteris stood up, ready to claim her book should she see it in the hands of the stranger, and then—her lips began to quiver and her eyes to dilate, her breath grew short and hurried.

"Oh, Colonel Dacre," she said piteously, "the wind has blown my book away, and I don't know one line of the last act yet!"—with which speech the poor child burst into tears, and sank down on her stone again, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Jack Dacre, kneeling down in the grass by her side, took her bodily into his arms, and the "part" went blowing unheeded to Chapel Place.

"At last! At last!" was all the young man could say, when presently, the storm of tears which had mercifully been granted to Olive having worn itself out, the two were walking homewards along the bleak hill-side. "Olive, have I really found you at last?"

Olive flushed, and drew her head up with a little of her old spirit.

"You have no right to look for me," she said, withdrawing her hand from her lover's clasp. "I am very glad to see you, of course, and you must come home and see Nelson, of course; but after that——"

"After that?" interposed the young man, whose heart yearned more fondly than ever for the poor child, as his quick eye took in all the pathos of her faded beauty and miserable garments, and the sacred lines which love and pain had traced upon her face. "After that, darling?"

"You will go away, Colonel Dacre," returned Miss Carew firmly, in a voice still husky from sobbing. "I am sorry—it is all very wretched and unhappy—but I cannot help it, and we must say good-bye again."

"Why?" asked Jack Dacre with angelic patience. "You will give me some reason, dear, at least, for your persistent cruelty?"

"Would you like Dr. Yorke to think," she said with quivering lips, "that I broke off my engagement with him only because—because my old lover had come back, and I was glad to seize upon the first pretext for a quarrel?"

"Olive, he doubted, insulted you—he——"

"He was very good to me and to Nelson before that, and—oh, Jack, can't you see that I owe it to my own self-respect not to marry at all, as I will not marry him? I did wrong, and I am punished. I have made you suffer too, and I am sorry; but I—I cannot marry any one—my life belongs to Nelson—and so we must say good-bye again—that is all."

She was nearly breaking down again, but Jack Dacre took no notice.

That is your only reason, Olive?" he asked gently, as he stopped in the lonely road and took her hands in both his own. "Your love for me has not changed? You would be my wife,—I have waited four years already, dear!—if the spectre of Dr. Yorke's bad opinion of you did not stand between us?"

Olive's tears answered him.

"Darling," cried the young man, catching her eagerly to his heart, "swear it to me here now, and we need never say good-bye! Dr. Yorke was married a week ago to his cousin, and I am the bearer of his very humble and contrite apologies to you for the wrong he did you, and of his wishes for your happiness in the life you are going to begin with me."

"Jack—oh, Jack, is it really true?"

"As true as that I am going to take you and Nelson down to Silverdale to-morrow, and that the manager must find some one else to study that part—as true as that I have won the sweetest, truest, most loyal wife that ever man was blessed with, and that I am going to kiss you, my beautiful, proud, cold Miss Charteris, on this hill, and in the presence of all Grindham that cares to see us. Yes, and not once, but twenty times!"

Miss Charteris submitted, with a blush and a smile that made her look once more like Olive Carew, and hand in hand the lovers walked on towards the town.

CHAPTER X., AND LAST.

It was nearly a year after Miss Carew left Woolchester before Robert Yorke saw the house with the iron gate again, and then he had been married for some weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Yorke had spent their honeymoon in London, which place had been chosen by the bride on account of the shops, all places being alike to the Doctor, who made but a sober-faced lover, Woolchester thought. A whirl of shopping and sight seeing was what the Doctor's wife offered him as a salve for an aching heart, and he went through it with patience, remembering that he need not suffer such an ordeal more than once, but would be free at the end of the happy month to return to the hard work which was all he cared much about now.

It was on a mild April evening that Dr. and Mrs. Yorke came home to Woolchester, to be received with grim delight by Miss Elizabeth, who had prepared an elaborate dinner, to which the bride alone did full justice. The ladies had so much to say to each other about the new style of bonnets, and the costumes of the Princess of Wales, whom Gertrude had seen twice—once at the Opera and once in the park—that the Doctor's silence was not noticed during the meal. And when he had drunk his coffee, and said that he had some business to attend to, and would go out for half an hour, though Gertrude pouted, as became the interesting young wife, she was not sorry at heart, but drew her chair closer to aunt Elizabeth's, and prepared for an exhaustive chat.

"Don't be late, Robert," she said, as her husband stopped down to kiss her cheek; and then he was free to go.

The Doctor lit his cigar in the hall—it was almost dark now in the quiet streets—and prepared to attend to the "little business" he had spoken of. And so it was that he found himself at the iron gate again, and once more saw the old house with the trees growing above the red-tiled roof. The hall-door was open. Strange children were playing on the neglected grass-plot. The sharp continuous click of a sewing-machine sounded from the room where Nelson's piano used to stand. A woman's shrill voice laughed inside. And only a year ago that quaint little house had been a paradise to Robert Yorke. He had listened in the dusky parlor to the high thoughts of poets, and heard the immortal ideas of the old composers translated on the jingling "music-box" on which the boy used to play. In that house he had lived all he had ever known of youth in his busy life of forty years, and now—— The shrill voice laughed again, and some one called to the children who were staring at the dark tall stranger, and wondering what he could want.

With a sigh the Doctor lifted his arms from the gate, and turned away down the darkening street, and past the church where the organ had played on that Sunday evening long ago—a year ago—and so out by the deserted lanes to the old happy fields, with the gray windy grass blowing about under the hedges, where he had walked so often with the girl who was called Olive Carew.

He leant against the stump of an old willow-tree that grew by the stile, and a cool breeze lifted the hair from his tired forehead. At home in the warm drawing-room his wife was waiting for him, as she would wait every day now while they both lived. Nothing but death, he thought, could ever alter the unvarying routine of the comfortable well-ordered house in George Street. He might look forward to long years of heavy dinners and tea-drinking, and gossip about the servants, and the neighbors, and the fashions. That was the life he had chosen. And the other fairer life, of congenial tastes and mutual cares and interests, from which he had had such a narrow escape?

It seemed to him, alone there in the meadows, as he puffed absently at his cigar, and a white tremor of moonlight crept along the grass, that the past was the only real thing the world now held for him.

But, while Robert Yorke was dreaming, and while his veins were yet on fire, a clock struck slowly in the distant town, reminding him, as once before, that he would be late. So he threw away his cigar, and, shivering a little in the balmy evening air, he left the tranquil moonlighted meadows and went home to the house in George Street.

* * * * *

"Olive," said a lazy contented man's voice, speaking from behind the tip of a cigarette—Olive, do you hear that clock?"

"I hear it, Jack. Why? Just look at the sunset dying away from the river!"

"Are you aware of what is going on at this particular time in the big city over yonder?"

The girl, who was sitting at the smoker's feet, and leaning her head on his knee, put up a shy warm hand in the dusk, and pulled her husband's arm round her neck.

"I am more interested in a certain little villa at Twickenham," she whispered, blushing; and in the little pause that followed this remark a faint sound of music was heard from one of the windows opening on to the lawn, where Colonel Dacre and his six week's wife were sitting after dinner.

The first white star had risen, the river gleamed gray and cool and still at their feet, and the Colonel's cigarette scented the air with its fragrance.

"But you forget!" continued Jack's happy voice presently. "You forget that the theatres are just going to open. The actresses are all busy dressing for their parts, the orchestra is tuning up, the sweet familiar scent of gas is pervading the house, and—Olive Carew will not be there."

"Of course not, Jack. There is no Olive Carew to be there. Pray, sir, who am I? And what is my name?"

Jack stooped his handsome head and kissed with a lover's lingering kiss, the eager smiling lips that questioned him.

"You are my wife!" he whispered proudly. "And your name is Olive Dacre."

"Brother Jack," said a boy's little voice, calling from the leafy porch, "Lady Tempest says you are to bring Olive in at once! The dew is falling, and tea is ready, and did you hear me play the *Mignon* duet, '*Ah, sono felice!*' Lady Tempest told me to ask you particularly, because you know I heard the opera only once, and she says you will whistle the air for me *con amore*. What does *con amore* mean?"

"Nelson," said Colonel Dacre calmly, as he helped his wife up from her low seat, and wrapped her soft white shawl round her shoulders, "the dew is falling, and tea is ready. Come, my darling, I will take you in, if Lady Tempest says I must."

"And, Olive"—Nelson put his arms fondly about his sister's waist, regardless of Jack's growling remonstrance—"there is a letter from Dr. Yorke, and he wants you to let me go and stay with them while you are in Rome, and ride Jerry again. May I dear?"

"We will ask the governor'" said Olive, smiling and nodding down at the boy's eager face. "I don't think Jack will be vexed to find that Nelson keeps a warm corner in his heart for an old friend."

Her husband pressed against his side the little hand that lay on his arm.

"Fidelity runs in the blood of the Carew," he whispered. "Let the boy go, child, by all means. It will be a delightful riddance for his big brother."

Nelson laughed, and found himself indignantly chased indoors by "the governor."

THE END.

A country girl in speaking of the polka says that "the dancin' was nothin' but the huggin' was heavenly."

Pride and Patience.

"It does look strange, I admit. But, at the same time I insist that nothing is wrong. Nothing can be wrong where Louis Merrivale is concerned."

The gentle, womanly tones were earnest and enthusiastic, and the round, smooth cheeks grew flushed while she spoke.

"Pshaw, Millie; you are too innocent yourself to believe guilt can exist in another. And then your partiality for Mr. Merrivale prevents an unprejudiced opinion."

"No; I am not interested in him to a sufficient extent to permit me to regard him as a masterpiece of perfection; but I do admit that Mr. Merrivale is too tho roughly a gentleman and a Christain to do anything absolutely wrong. I, for one, utterly refuse to believe a word of this scandal."

Millie Thorne had dropped the fine work in her lap, but now took it up again, as if to end the subject under discussion. But the tall, handsome woman at the other window was not thus easily silenced.

"But, Millie, admitting that since you ceased to be engaged to Lu Merrivale you care nothing for him,"—and here Isabel Wild's keen black eyes sparkled and flashed as she noted a little spasm of agony flit across the sweet face bent over the work—"and according you due credit for your feelings, why, in the face of such positive evidence, do you refuse to regard him as others do?"

"Isabel, you are cruel, you are harsh to me. Still, I will speak on this subject further. You ask me to regard him as others do. Who do you mean by others?"

"Why, everybody, of course. You know as well as I, Millie Thorne, that Lu Merrivale's crime is on every person's lips in the town. Go ask that six year old boy out yonder,"—and she pointed to a little fellow dragging his toy-cart after him,—"and he will tell you that Mr. Merrivale stole five hundred pounds in the City, and ran off with it."

A faint rosy tinge suffused Millie's cheeks while Isabel was talking.

"I am aware of that," she returned. "But his friends firmly deny the statement. I am one of them. You ought to be."

"Why, let me ask, should I be?"

"You took him away from me, Isabel; you wear his ring; you have promised to marry him."

"I took his ring off when I heard the news," was the heartless response; "he is nothing to me now, more than to you."

Her cold, bitter words seemed to stab Millie, and she tossed her work on a hassock beside her, as she sprang to her feet, and walked over to Isabel.

"What have you done, then? You came between us, and I made no complaint, because, if Lu Merrivale loved you, I never was the woman to desire to be called his wife. Then, Isabel Wild, after you have taken my all from me, you wound me afresh by cruelly deserting him in his hour of need—the time when you, of all women, should stand ready to clear his name, and vindicate his honor!"

Pale and tearless she stood before Isabel Wild, in all the commanding glory of her noble womanhood.

Miss Wild's low, metallic laugh came ringing in her ears.

"You are welcome to do it yourself, Millie. Besides, I accepted George Halliday this morning!"

A cry burst from Millie Thorne's lips.

"Heartless—cruel! Poor Lu!"

Isabel Wild arose, with freezing courtesy.

"After such unparalleled politeness, I could not presume to annoy you longer with my unwelcome presence. Good morning, Miss Thorne."

Millie bowed, as in a waking dream, and Miss Wild departed.

A fortnight before, the inhabitants of the quiet town of Croydon, wherein dwelt the characters mentioned, had been petrified by the news of Louis Merrivale's sudden disappearance from London; horrified and grief-stricken to learn that the sum of five hundred pounds had been simultaneously missed from the safe of Merand and Merand, the great mercantile firm in the City, for whom Louis Merrivale was confidential clerk and head book-keeper. He alone besides the proprietors possessed a key to the safe; consequently, he alone could have opened it.

Circumstances, thickly combined, went far to prove his guilt, among which the two most telling were, that first, he had been alone in the counting-house from nine, the evening previous to his departure, until after midnight, which had often been the case before, and had never excited the least suspicion until it was proven as such. Further, a note had been found in his City lodgings that read as follows:—

"Tell Messrs Merand for me that pursuit is useless. Tell them I have served them well for seven years, and they can afford to lose the paltry sum I have taken. Tell I. W. that when it blows over, she may expect to hear from me.

"Yours,

"L. M."

Everybody in Croydon had learned the contents of that note, for it had been published in the papers; everybody, save a few firm friends, had made up their minds that Mr. Merrivale was a rogue. One of the former was Isabel Wild, who, her pride quickly up in arms, loudly declared she would never marry a man upon whose name even a shadow of doubt had ever rested.

Two hours later a gentleman called to see her.

He was a fine looking man, this George Halliday, with black eyes, beard, and hair, with a complexion as fair as Isabel's own. And yet, after one had pronounced him handsome, they would steal a second look, and decide there was something hidden under this manly exterior that was evil, unprincipled.

He seemed to be well off; and although comparatively a stranger, was known to, and acquainted with, every family of importance in the town and neighborhood.

Isabel Wild had attracted his attention months before, and when she had noticed his admiration, had sneered.

"I marry George Halliday? Never, while such a man as Louis Merrivale lived."

But now, after Mr. Halliday had come into the fortune left him, and the decorations of his new mansion were being completed; now, when her lover had clouded his reputation forever, Isabel listened to Halliday's overtures; and when he went from her house that morning, and she hastened to Millie Thorne's, she wore a glittering diamond ring that he had placed there as a seal of their betrothal.

Incensed and inflamed by Millie's enthusiasm, Isabel returned to her own home thoroughly satisfied that Millie Thorne still loved Louis Merrivale, despite his faithlessness, despite his mysterious conduct.

"And I? Millie spoke truly when she said he needed a friend in this dark hour."

A pale, haggard tinge was on her face as she ascended the steps of her residence, telling of the struggle within.

"But the blur—the stain! Can I ever bear a name that has been sung through the country, and published in no honorable way in the paper? Can I bear it, and the cold taunts it will bring me, for love's sake? Can I endure it for his sake?"

She paced the floor in her restless indecision.

"George Halliday is rich; I shall be mistress of his splendid house, envied by half the women in town, and above all, I shall bear a name pure and unsullied."

The gleaming of the diamonds in their translucent splendor caught her eye, and on the trifling delight they occasioned she based her decision—a choice she learned to repent, bitterly regret.

"From henceforth I shall give to Louis Merrivale no thought, if I can help it. I shall regard myself as belonging to my affianced husband, and let Mildred Thorne scorn or reprove as she will. Perhaps she will turn comforter-in-chief to her faithless lover."

A bitter, bitter heart pang—one yearning longing for her loved one, then it died; or rather, in a moment, Isabel Wild buried alive the love of her life.

* * * * *

Day after day passed by, bringing their shares of joys and heart-aching, and still Louis Merrivale never came; the affairs had ceased to be a seven day's wonder, and people had forgotten about it, save when they saw his aged mother, bowed and infirm, leaning on Millie Thorne's strong young arm, as they walked through the streets of Croydon.

Millie had grown more beautiful during these weeks of trial; and the aged mother of the missing young man had many an occasion to bless the loving, trusting girl.

The days wore on, bringing to Millie in her patient waiting and hoping against hope, to Isabel, in her overwhelming pride, the glad autumnal days. To one it brought a bridal, and George Halliday took his wife to their handsome home.

* * * * *

The setting October sun was flinging its rosy banner over the brown woodland, when Millie Thorne entered the house where her tender ministrations had made her an angel of sympathy.

Mrs. Merrivale met her half-way to the door, her eyes streaming with tears, her face all alight with an overpowering joy.

"Millie—oh, Millie, my prayers are answered! God has been so merciful to me, and to you, my Millie. See, it's from him!"

She handed a letter from her bosom to Millie, who, in a tremor of agitation, had gained the door, and was leaning against the wall unable for a moment to speak.

"Come in, child, and let us thank God together! Come, Millie, while I tell you my boy is alive, is well, and—oh, Millie, didn't we say it?—innocent!"

Millie neither spoke nor moved; she neither laughed or cried. She only murmured a wordless prayer in her heart.

"Let me tell you, my dear child all about it, and then let me tell you the message he sent to you."

"A message to me? Tell me, what is it?" said Millie, eagerly.

"He has written it to you on a slip of paper, and in his letter tells me to read it, and then give it to you. Isn't that just my Louis over again?"

She handed Millie the precious treasure, who read, with greedy eyes:—

"To-day, for the first time since my recovery—I've been near unto the stream of death, Millie—I am able to write; first to my mother, then to the only woman in the world besides that I care for—to you, Millie Thorne. To-day I have given up Isabel Wild, because I love you, because I have always loved you; because I care nothing for her, or she for me. I know all, Millie, my precious, patient darling! I have startling news when I come back; and then, when I am reinstated in public confidence, even though I break a proud heart, and uncover a foul one in the act, you will be mine, mine, my own Millie?"

"At last—oh, mother, at last!" exclaimed the over-joyed Millie.

"Shall I read you his letter, or shall I tell you? Or will you read it, Millie?"

"Let me read it. His dear handwriting alone will be a feast."

A week after, Louis Merrivale came home, pale, haggard, but handsome as ever.

Then the news came out; then the innocent was righted, the guilty rewarded.

It was a thrilling story. How George Halliday had waylaid Louis Merrivale while returning from the counting-house to his City lodgings; how he had stolen the money from his person—money that Merrivale had taken, perhaps imprudently, for the purpose of paying a number of bills before he went to the office the following day; how he had previously prepared the forged note; and how, after drugging his victim, he had him conveyed to a sailing vessel, and registered him as a sick friend, who desired to return to his home in the West Indies. Sickness had followed the drugging; and, in a strange place, among strangers, Louis Merrivale had waited till returning strength brought back memory and the ability to act.

Steps were taken to prove Mr. Merrivale's accusation. The bank-notes were finally traced to Halliday. Thus disgraced and dishonored, he left his proud, heart-broken wife to the mercy of an indignant circle of relatives.

The elegant mansion was deserted, and was purchased by Merand and Merand, who insisted on Merrivale's acceptance of it as his wedding present; and in that mansion Louis and Millie now reside, as happy as mortals can be, while both daily bless the trusting patience that wrought their happiness.

SEVERAL years ago a number of American women who had become interested in the question sent to Worth, the celebrated Parisian modiste, asking him: "What costume can be devised that will be perfectly healthy and at the same time beautiful?" He replied: "I have to make the same answer to you that I have made to the women of Europe. The costume of the Persian women is the handsomest upon the face of the earth. It consists of a loose waist, short skirt, and trousers not too loose. I have made this costume beautifully and hung it up in Paris, but the women will not wear it. I can do nothing more. They must suffer until they are willing to adopt it."

News of Interest

—Peter Cooper's fortune is estimated at ten millions.

—Victoria Woodhull has married a wealthy merchant.

—A blind man in New York gets his living by selling spectacles.

—Missionaries are following up Stanley's discoveries on the Congo.

—On the 28th of June next Queen Victoria will have reigned over England 40 years.

—Coloring the eyes with India ink is a new piece of savagery in vogue among the French.

—According to a paper in Bath, Maine, forty trades are concerned in the building of a ship.

—The gaslights in front of the church doors in New York cost the tax-payers $44,000 a year.

—A Rochester, N. Y., physician advertises that base-ball accidents will receive prompt attention.

—A well in Butler county, Pa., is said to be flowing balls of fire. The balls explode with a loud report.

—At a recent sale of fine cart-horses at Wonsley, England, forty-five animals were sold at an averaging price of $682.72 each.

—A man just sent to the Kalamazoo, Mich., asylum, is perfectly rational during the day time, and violently insane at night.

—Three enterprising Assumption, La., men have killed 9,000 alligators the past year, and sold the hides for seventy-five cents apiece.

—The average length of life of Quakers is remarkably high in England. The greatest number of deaths occur between 70 and 80 years of age.

—Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, will sell her diamonds at auction in Paris, in June. They are valued at $500,000. She will have $100,000 worth left.

—During a disturbance in the African Methodist Church at Jacksonville, Ill., on the 14th, one man was shot dead, and another so badly wounded that he died next day.

—The smallest postoffice in the United States, which was at Texas, Lycoming county, Pa., has been discontinued, its total receipts for the past year having amounted to only 54 cents.

—Galveston is perhaps the only city in the land that can guard herself against tramps. She is located on an island, and all she has to do is to station a policeman at the end of the bridge.

—A cargo of rags from Egypt was loaded recently at New Haven for a paper company at Windsor Locks, Vt., and three employes of the company died suddenly from a disease contracted from handling the rags.

—Prentice county, Miss., hires out her criminals by the month to the highest bidder, who takes them to his farm, works them, feeds them and guards them, paying to the county five dollars per month for each able-bodied man.

—When Eugene Hale married Miss Chandler, papa Zach Chandler gave him $100,000 for his wedding present; and at the advent of every grandchild a check for $20,000 is forthcoming to be placed to the credit of the child as the nucleus of its future fortune.

—Count Casimir Pulaski, a brigadier general in the revolution, fell at the siege of Savannah in 1779. His pay account was never settled. Now comes Josephine Sufferyuski Jaroski, a direct descendant, claiming from Congress $100,000 as pay and pension.

—Mr. Henry Labouchere, editor of the London *Truth*, declares that he recently went to a Ritualistic church, in which the clergyman pronounced the text: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," in such a way as to make it sound: "He that hath *yawe* to *yaw* let him *yaw*."

—Moody is particularly strenuous in his advice to young converts not to marry unbelievers. He thinks the time will soon come when ministers will refuse to perform the ceremonies in such cases. He also censured Connecticut valley deacons who raise tobacco, saying it was not done for the glory of God.

—A family of Canton, Mass., suffocating with coal gas, were saved through the instrumentality of a dog. They were all insensible, with the exception of the father, who was just able to get to another room to get some water, when he fainted. The house dog licked his face until he was restored to consciousness, just in time to revive the family.

—A Paris surgeon recently had occasion to administer ether to a beautiful young lady from Lyons. While she was inhaling the gas from the sack, a light was brought near, the ether was ignited, and the sack exploded; the doctor was seriously burned, and the patient terribly injured, her nose being taken off, and one side of the upper jaw laid bare. The doctor committed suicide.

—George Ladd, a mathematical prodigy, whose performances have for years excited the wonder of the citizens of Brattleboro, Vt., died at the poor-house there last week. If given, for instance, the number of miles from Brattleboro to Washington, or any other point, he would immediately and accurately give the number of feet and inches. He had never received even a common school education.

—The Earl of Beaconsfield is one of the best dressers in England, he has on an average a plug hat a month, his trousers are usually of a light lavender, and his coats perfection in fit. His valet is scrupulous about the arrangement of his curls, which are numbered; in gorgeous dressing-gowns his wardrobe is not to be surpassed; one of them is worth $3,000. He walks with his eyes cast on the ground, and takes no heed of little ragamuffins who cry "There goes Dizzy!"

—A search for two golden curls of human hair has kept half the postmasters in the country on the *qui vive* for six months. The curls were mailed in New York last October, to Mrs. J. T. Eners, of Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, and nothing but the empty wrapper ever reached its destination. All the Assistant Postmaster-Generals, route-agents and special officers of the department have been on the hunt ever since, but to no purpose, until the other day a clerk at the Indianapolis office remembered having found some such headgear in an old paper bag, and on receipt of his information the missing property was discovered, properly pigeon-holed at the Dead-letter Office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1878.

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THE REVIEWER.
SHORT STORIES.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.
FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

WE are still offering novelties, and gaining patrons.

TRUE journalism is always in the front rank of progress.

EASTERTIDE and the beginning of Spring buds and Summer sunshine.

AN interesting series of discussions respecting "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," by Mrs. Ward, appear in our columns, and will be continued at some length. They will be found in every respect worthy of the pen of the talented authoress of "Home Culture."

THERE is much in modern science to make us wonder, but modern art is equally wonderful. The most exquisite oleographs now not only are finer and better than oil paintings, but are as delicate in detail and tone as the best water colors and aquarelles.

ERCKLEDEAN, OR THE PRICK OF A HEART; a new story by the author of the charming novel just concluded in our columns, called "From Gloom to Sunlight," will be commenced in our next. It is only necessary to say that the same gifted pen which indited the latter superb story, will even surpass its former power in this one, and the scenes, characters, and situations are all drawn by a master hand.

THE FASHION NOTES, which form an essential department in this paper, contain reliable and important information concerning the actual Spring modes in ladies costumes indoor and out of door. It will be noticed by our lady readers that the editor of this specialty enters into the very minutiæ of the dresses she describes, and writes clearly, charmingly and knowingly concerning the topic upon which she treats. All the latest news on this subject is, therefore, embodied in concise form in the columns of FASHION NOTES.

WITHOUT doubt the true spirit of literature is becoming infused into the writers of this era, and there is hope that America will rapidly advance to the van of nations which are distinguished by high art, intellectual culture and the best and most artistic literature. Of late there has been very little encouragement here for men of talent to put forth their productions, because the demand for really high literary work was very small, and authors were driven by necessity to seek more remunerative work. But now, not only in letters, but in painting and poetry, our people are sure to win and lead.

CHILDREN ought to be well pleased now-a-days that they have an opportunity offered to them which their parents and grand-parents never enjoyed, and that is the chance to procure magnificent books, papers and periodicals especially dedicated to them. Such gorgeous editions *de luxe* for the little folks as appear at present, were never seen at any time; neither was there ever such good, pure, high toned and effective reading matter, nor such superb wood cuts and illustrations. In the department of art, the little folks have a goodly show prepared for them, for the best artists even minister to their tastes, with their most elegant designs.

THE "winter of our discontent" passes away with to-day, and in its stead comes the calm, halcyon days of Spring, ushered in by the great Christian festival of Easter. The Spring will therefore symbolize many great awakenings, not only in the resurrection of all organic nature to a new life, but will teach us that its promise is sure to be fulfilled, in the coming seasons of fruition and of garner. Now is the season for new dresses and new impulses—for "in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." New ideas concerning the welfare of humanity, and brighter, fresher, more hopeful, more humanitarian feelings respecting our brothers and common destiny. The tendency of this Spring solstice is to re-kindle the embers of good fellowship among men, and that great, generous life given the Sun is now in his happiest season, and will strive to render us poor mortals as happy as happy can be. Let his actinic power influence us all, and enable us to show our brightest colors.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Encourage the young. Do not neglect to understand and appreciate the slightest indication or symptom of talent, taste, or love for whatever is refined, beautiful and high. It is a species of cruelty in parents toward their children, men towards men, and women towards women to refrain from just commendation, praise, and hopeful words, when these are so necessary to rouse the weary spirit and spur on the genius to new endeavors, new performances of higher and higher merit. How many worthy men drop by the wayside in despair, when a kind and encouraging word of their friends might have enabled them to have won easily the race, and gained the highest laurels.

Jealousy too often prompts us to withdraw our meed of praise just at the very moment the toiling artist, poet, painter, or writer craves with all his soul for this precious speech to rouse him to greater efforts. We are sorry when it is too late, and when he falls hopelessly weary, and gives up the ambitious climbing in utter despair. As Hamlet says: "*The spurns which patient merit* o' the unworthy takes," almost are enough to prompt the gloomy resolve of the suicide, or the abject melancholy of a life of failure.

Therefore it behooves all of us to do what we can to pay at least a slight tribute of praise to the struggling man of genius, but above all encourage the young; we repeat it is an axiom of duty. Encourage the young, foster by all the means in your power the germ of talent in the boy or girl, and train their thoughts and faculties towards a high and noble aim. Then maturity will not be a pathetic spectacle of defeat and heartache, as it too often is, but crowned with the brightest crown ambition can desire, and men and women be prompted to lead useful and beautiful lives, in which not an atom of time has been misspent, not a day's labor toward the one goal misdirected.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE *post mortem* examination over the body of Nip, the newly imported chimpanzee, in New York, developed the fact that the brain was a decidedly human one in its convolutions, except as to size. And now, the scientists having agreed that chimpanzees have just faculties for speech, moral power, etc., would it not be well to send out a ship load of missionaries to bring them within the pale of civilization?

THE announcement is made that the Maharajah of Jheend, whoever he is, has lately ordered a carriage of solid silver built for him, decorated with silver lotus leaves, his coat-of-arms being inserted on the panels in pure gold. Now this conveyance is certainly a "legal tender," and if Mr. Maharajah, of Jheend, has ever heard of the Silver Bill, he will be glad to know that his coach would "pass" in this country without any trouble, but he had better get it changed into ten-cent pieces if he comes here.

STATISTICS show that 302,000 people visit the 472 theatres and music halls of London nightly! That is a large slice of the population which is bent upon pleasure. The churches, no doubt, show a larger proportion only assuming an average of three nights in the week, and a greater ratio of churches to theatres. Over worked and cloudy London does its best to amuse itself, and it is a city where an immense number of cheap and low places of amusement abound. Such places as the "Back Kitchen," described by Thackeray in Pendennis, are still extant, and are patronized by all classes of masculines who love a jolly song and chorus, a dance and a tipple.

THE State jewels, which are to be exhibited in the French Exposition, are to be secured in a burglar and fire defying safe twelve feet deep, ten feet square, cemented, with a double iron door and pipes to flood it in case of fire. The jewels are to be exhibited in a decorated glass case, which is so arranged as to be let down into the safe as soon as the show closes for the day, and covered with a weighty trap of iron, upon which two watchmen will have their beds. It is a question whether human ingenuity ever invented anything which human rascality could not circumvent, and it is possible this famous safe may be yet cleared of all its contents by expert Parisian thieves.

THERE is to be formed shortly a European stock company, the object of which is to decorate all chinaware and table service with advertisements. These ceramic announcements will, of course be furnished at a low cost, and will also tend to bring the present worship of vases into ridicule—for pottery will no longer be a fine art, but a matter-of-fact affair—in reality "of the earth, earthly." The next thing in order, we suppose, will be the labelling of table-covers and napkins with advertisements, and even imprinting upon our faithful servitors at the hotel repast, the lettered insignia of trade, empiricism and humbug. Legitimate advertising is a supreme necessity, but when art works are to be desecrated by posters, it is high time for æsthetical folks to "cry aloud, and spare not."

THEY say *trichinæ* worms survive a temperature of 140° Fahrenheit. What a blissful existence they must enjoy in the summer time, when grow-up bipeds are using fans, handkerchiefs and ice water, and when irritation and perspiration are in vogue, and when everybody informs his neighbor that "it is dreadfully hot," just as if his neighbor didn't know it, and when overcoats, stoves and skates become as fossils for the nonce, and the sight even of a lighted cigar makes one boil. For what a lovely tropical life these *trichinæ* are educated, and the neighborhood of a puddling furnace on a July noon would seem to us to be about their very idea of a perfect Elysium, if we mistake not. But probably they are terribly sensitive to cold, and the least draught of air may make them yearn for flannels. They were created and live in volcanoes and bathe in the sulphur surges, salamander like, and such like calorific revels, and it is a great pity we can't get used to broiling in the same way.

THE Paris Exposition will be a grand affair, and the arrangements will be most perfect, of course. The French have the advantage of profiting by the past exhibitions in England, France, Austria, and in this country. Our centennial taught them a great many practical ideas, and they have adopted a number of things in their classification, etc., which are purely of American origin. The idea of lighting the whole exposition inside as well as outside by means of the electric light, is a good one, and it will not be long before we adopt this brilliant illumination also. They say the Persian pavillion will be a superb feature. It is made of enamelled brick. The English will send a jewel exhibit which will be unparalleled. They will show a coronet composed of *eighty-six diamonds* of different sizes, prominent among which will be the far-famed Kohinoor, valued at one million six hundred thousand francs, or, calculating five francs to the dollar, the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars! Then there will be a necklace composed of one hundred and eight diamonds, and a gem, called the Kandavassy, worth three million francs, or six hundred thousand dollars! In addition to these attractions there will be intellectual ones in the shape of a literary congress, music, and a chess tournament.

"EVERY wish is like a prayer with God!" Ought we not then to beware of the low trifling, the vain vaunting of ingratitude in our wishes? Yet there are wishes that are deeper and sadder than some prayers, silently arising out of the gloomiest depths of the night of the soul! They are not uttered wishes—they are yearnings higher than the vanity of words—thoughts that are too bitter for speech, born of the profoundest sorrows that are silent! There are heart-broken ones on this earth of ours, who silently, uncomplainingly, unceasingly wish for better, higher things—for things that might have been—that all may not pass away as a dream, but that there may be something true and real as the exponent of their agony—something to touch, to embrace, to love, to compensate for the losses and tears, the weariness, madness and anguish. Yes, there are wishes that are never spoken that are the holiest of prayers, dedicated out of the silence of grief to God, and God hears them, and answers them, too, in his own good season; for the world is deaf to them, is oftimes careless and cruel, and dangerous to trust with secrets, and only the mute yearnings of weary souls taking the shape of voiceless, wordless prayers to God, are of avail to quench the soul's anguish. Yet the haughtiest eloquence of music is less worthy to hold place in the holy of holies of Heaven than this mute petition of the soul, this homely silence of sorrow.

To popularize good music is now the desideratum, and exactly how this object is to be obtained, it is not easy to foretell; though there may be much done in the way of improved instruments, cheap written music, and low-priced concerts. We could even tolerate hand organs if they would only play good music in tune and time, and we could go on so far as to suppress our anathemas at our neighbor's piano jingling, if he or she would only take lessons of a competent master, and then learn the best of *morceaux*. Now and then a hand organ comes into our vicinity which is truly melodious, and it is quite refreshing to hear its pipings of "Ah, Non guinge!" from Sonnambula, or a waltz of Strauss'. Once or twice we have gone so far as to throw open the casement to cast coin at the feet of some Italian troubadour whose violin, with harp accompaniment, it was really sweet to hear. But such performances are rare, and we must solicit the aid of philanthropy to help us in regard to the tortures we suffer from discords. Charles Lamb never cared for music, or he would never have written his humorous essay on "Ears," but we are his disciples in some respects, and we earnestly crave a "society for the prevention of street music," unless such music be of such an artistic character as to entrance, and not madden us.

THE high standard to which the education of women is tending is shown in the regulations in some of the English colleges, where the examinations presuppose a very advanced culture in the student. At Girton College, Cambridge, for the preliminary examination every woman student will have to possess an acquaintance with not only the ordinary English branches, but the classics and mathematics of the freshman year. Then the further examination includes, in addition, history, physical science, logic, and political economy. The University of London holds two examinations for women over seventeen years of age, and for certificates of Higher Proficiency candidates are required to know Latin, Greek, the modern languages, mathematics and mechanical philosophy, chemistry, botany, philosophy, geology and palæontology, political economy, logic and moral philosophy, harmony and counterpoint. The Higher Musical Examinations for Women at Trinity College, London, require students to be proficient in harmony, in not more than four parts—counterpoint, general musical knowledge, including musical history, piano forte playing, or the organ, vocal music. It will thus be seen that every opportunity is afforded in these days of progress, to enable women who desire a high and a useful intellectual culture to enter into competition with students of the other sex, and win the same honors and degrees.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

[CONTINUED.]

The compiler of "Home Culture and Sensible Etiquette" finds it necessary to quote from the essay on "Unsettled Points," before bringing forward the review of it entitled "Pasteboard Politeness," in order that certain points alluded to may be better understood by the reader.

QUOTATIONS FROM "UNSETTLED POINTS OF ETIQUETTE."

In England the higher the rank the more affable and kind I found them. It is only the little people climbing up who are disagreeable.—Bully.

Not alone of English people can this be said. In "society" all over the world it is the same; for everywhere men and women "born and bred ladies and gentlemen" value their reputation as such too highly to risk it by any rudeness or uncourteousness. They may upon occasion be frigidly polite, but polite they will always be. Customs vary so much that some things which would be considered civil in one country would be looked upon in another as rude or intrusive. Take, for instance, one illustration among many which might be cited. A foreigner sent on a mission to this country brought with him letters of introduction to several members of a large family. Having affairs of importance to attend to, he was remiss about delivering these letters on this occasion; but on a second visit, having more leisure, he made it a point to have himself presented at a ball to every member of the family who was present. After the ball he told a lady of the trouble he had given himself, and asked her congratulations upon having accomplished so much in one evening. She, being upon intimate relations with him, assured him that his politeness was not only unnecessary, but would in all probability be misunderstood. "According to the customs of our country," said the lady, "you ought to have waited until they asked to be presented to you." "How could I do that," he inquired indignantly, "when it was my duty to make myself known to them, out of respect for the writer of the letters as well as for those to whom she had written? Besides, one can never be too civil to ladies and gentlemen." The lady replied, "True, but you must first be sure that you are dealing with ladies and gentlemen who understand all points of etiquette as you do." Before his return to his own country he learned his error by the result, for during a stay of some months he never received an invitation from any of the family. By following the customs of his own country, instead of adopting those of the country he was in, he had subjected himself to being looked upon as "a pushing foreigner," who valued their acquaintance so highly that he was determined to gain it, even at the sacrifice of the customs of good society.

Americans when abroad, unless in an official position, have very little opportunity of gaining a knowledge of such requirements of etiquette as had influenced this gentleman in making the overtures he had thought necessary; nor can we be expected to be acquainted with them. The rules of social etiquette are all so well understood and practiced in Europe that no opportunity presents itself for the miscomprehensions as to one's duties in society which prevail with us. There every detail is prescribed by the codes and usages of courts; and one might as well pass an acquaintance in the street without the usual salutation as neglect any one of these forms. Again to illustrate: A gentleman belonging at one time to the English legation in Washington passed a summer at one of our fashionable watering-places. His official position would have assured him the consideration to which he was entitled, even had he not been the general favorite that he was; but the men who left their cards from time to time upon him were not always particular in having themselves presented the first time they met him afterward at the club or at dinners; and looking upon this omission as he had been trained to do, it could not but seem to him an intentional rudeness on their part.

* * * * * *

For want of an exact code many points of etiquette are with us left open to discussion, and this without reference to foreign ideas. Thus the custom of inviting gentlemen to call when a married lady wishes to give them the entrance to her house seems to have become an obsolete one with a great many. Quite recently a discussion took place as to its propriety between several ladies of distinction in this city. One lady said that it was the Philadelphia custom for gentlemen to call where they wished, without waiting for an invitation, after they had made the acquaintance of any lady in the family; and more than one married woman asserted that they had never yet asked a gentleman to come to see them; while another insisted that gentlemen generally would not venture to make a call upon any married lady unless she had invited them, or they had first asked her permission. As a difference of opinion exists on this point, it would be well if it could be an understood thing that any gentleman wishing to make the acquaintance of a lady could, after having himself presented to her, leave his card at her house with his address upon it. Of course this applies only to comparative strangers, for any young man can commit his card to his mother or sister to leave for him at a house where either visits, if he wishes to be included in the invitations. Unless his card is left in this way or in person, how can he expect to be remembered?

* * * * * *

An invitation once given cannot be recalled, even from the best motives, without subjecting the one who recalls it to the charge of being either ignorant or regardless of all conventional rules of politeness. Some years ago a lady who had been invited with her husband to a musical entertainment given at the house of an acquaintance for a common friend of the inviter and the invited, received, after having accepted the invitation, a note requesting her not to come, on the ground that she had spoken slanderously of the lady for whom the soiree was to be given. Entirely innocent of the charge, she demanded an explanation, which resulted in completely exonerating her. The invitation was then repeated, but of course, as the withdrawal of it had been intended as a punishment, the rudeness was of too flagrant a character to overlook, and all visiting between the parties ceased from that day.

[Note.—The editor here interpolated the words: "The rule would not apply to," whereas the author wrote:]

"Not so in a more recent case, (meaning not so rude), where a lady gave a ball, and in endeavoring to avoid a crush and make it agreeable for her guests, left out all young men under twenty-one years of age; but finding that she received wrong information concerning the age of one whom she had invited, and that this one exception was much commented upon, causing her to appear inconsistent, she wrote a note asking permission to recall the invitation (having received no answer to it), and expressing her regret that she should be made to appear rude where no rudeness was intended. In this case the gentleman could, without compromising his dignity, have sent a courteous reply, assuring the lady that he perfectly understood her motives, and begging her not to give herself any uneasiness upon his account in having felt compelled to withdraw the invitation. By doing so he would have made the lady his firm friend, and had she appreciated his politeness as it would have deserved to be appreciated, she would have lost no opportunity of showing her sense of it."

With this extract, the quotations from the essay in *Lippincott's* close, as it is not necessary to quote from the rules given therein in reference to the various significations of visiting cards—rules which all save the Rip Van Winkles of society are conversant with. To quote from chapter II. of "Sensible Etiquette," the author of Pasteboard Politeness" sneers at the various uses which are made of visiting cards in such a way as to demonstrate an ignorance of long-established customs worthy of Rip Van Winkle himself after his long slumber. But those who have been educated from their youth to look upon certain forms as necessary to save themselves and others from inconveniences attendant upon a large social intimance and who know that by adopting these forms they are enabled to keep up ceremonious visiting with a circle too large for friendly intercourse, do not need to be told by this author that "the highest point of gentility is reached by the use of visiting cards." They know their various uses, and no sneers, no misrepresentations will deter them from the sensible application which prescribed rules permit, for the saving of time and the fulfilment of required courtesies. They ought also to know that the use of the words "gentility" and "genteel" mark the class to which they belong, as they are not used in good society."

[The answer to "Pasteboard Politeness" is from two writers—one a gentleman of this city; the other, the wife of a well-known lawyer. Both answers were submitted to the author of "Unsettled Points" within a few weeks after the attack upon her essay, with permission to make what use of them she chose. The strong points in each have been combined in the answer, which will be found to follow the pretended review.]

PASTEBOARD POLITENESS.

An article which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, bearing the unsensational title, "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," appears to have excited intense feeling among certain classes of persons who claim to understand exactly the constituents and requirements of good breeding. The article itself seems to be perfectly harmless, and the reader would scarcely suspect that beneath the surface of verdant platitudes and picturesque manners, as they should be, there lies concealed a volcano of scorching wrath, soon to burst and obliterate the landscape with the lava of indignation. Two or three of our journals have received this essay—which may be supercilious in its tone of assumption, and, as such, provocative of the smile of derision—with intense rage. The author is called "a snob" "a contemptible being, who attempts to set up an European standard of manners;" "a pretender;" "a shoddyite"—in fact, anything but a lady. There must be some private resentments which have led to the fierce tone shown towards this paper—some personal affronts which are sought to be avenged—otherwise the tone of the criticism could not have been as bitter as it seems to be. The article itself is an amusing treatise upon the niceties of etiquette, which shows that the code may be entirely too nice. Opening with the idea that Americans do not understand good manners, it shows how a certain foreigner who came to this country with letters of introduction, and never presented them, made himself all right, months after his arrival, by receiving an introduction at a ball to members of the family to which he was accredited, and expected thereby to be immediately asked to visit them, and particularly invited to their parties and balls. As no attention was paid to him afterwards, he came to the conclusion that Americans did not understand etiquette; and the writer of this essay seems to sustain him in that idea.

Not pretending to any politeness ourselves—at least according to the new standard—we should suggest that, if a person who brought special letters of introduction never took the trouble to present them, he ought not to have expected any other treatment than that which he received; and he could scarcely have supposed that the persons about whose friendship or acquaintance he cared so little that he did not even present them his letters, should trouble themselves about him.

Whether a gentleman has a right to call upon a married lady whom he has met in society, without her invitation or permission seems to be dubious, according to this authority; but the weight of the writer's opinion inclines to the position that he may come whether he is invited or not, and impertinently intrude himself upon the members of a family, and compel them to be hospitable, without any right to complain or to insist upon the privilege of choosing their own friends.

Whether a lady may invite young men to her parties—"balls" they are called in this essay—and then withdraw the invitation before it has been replied to, without the party thus snubbed finding fault with the proceeding, is settled by this *arbiter elegantiarum* in the affirmative. The young man thus uncivilly treated has no right to complain, but must consider this specimen of "buttering up and slithering down" as one of the finest examples of good manners. This right of inviting and retracting without amenability to complaint is also enforced against the other sex in an example wherein a lady invited to a "ball" was requested not to come because in the meanwhile she had been slandered to the lady patroness. There was immediately an *eclaircissement*, and the character of the slander was shown in the vindication of the invited, and then the uninvited person, after which she was re-invited, and, declining to come, she is justly censured in this essay for her ill-breeding.

But really the most interesting part of this treatise is that which relates to pasteboard politeness. It is shown with great ingenuity that society is not a means whereby people of culture and taste may enjoy the pleasure of acquaintance, friendship, conversation, or amusement, in the company of each other. Society is run in the interest of the paper-makers and engravers. The highest point of gentility is reached by the use of visiting cards. A man of science, education, immense learning, and great influence may be set down in society as a vulgar boor if he is not an adept in the use of the visiting card. A lady, accomplished, beautiful, witty, rich, and accustomed to luxury, may be reduced to the level of the fish-huckster if she should make a mistake or an omission in the use of her cards. On the other hand, the ignorant and conceited ass who, by dint of long study, has learned how to manage his cards, and the female pretender, equally accomplished, may soar to the highest pinnacles of fashion. The instances in which the use of the card may save a society-man or a society-woman from eternal disgrace and shame, are clearly set forth by this new Chesterfield. Cards after you have enjoyed a pleasant "ball;" cards if you call on a lady who is a guest in the house of another lady; cards, of course, for the party visited, and cards for the ladies of the house whom you do not know and do not visit; cards by the latter sent by their friends when the latter return the call; cards of brothers left by sisters at the houses of persons who do not know the brothers, if the latter wish to be invited to "balls;" cards by the ladies thus honored to the gentlemen whom she never saw; cards at a wedding reception, which, if not returned, put an end to all visits in that quarter; cards, if you do not attend the wedding reception, also to be returned; cards by gentlemen who wish their wives invited to parties, and cards by those who do not.

Here is a cheap and easy method of being polite by proxy. It is not necessary that the person whose name is printed or written on the card shall personally express his or her sorrow, regret, delight, or satisfaction at whatever may or may not have rendered the use of the card necessary. In old times, either by written note, letter, by verbal communication, or by personal interviews, individuals having some point of conduct to regret, made their feelings known. This is not necessary now. We have improved upon all that. To send a card is the very main thing. It can mean anything and everything. It can be construed into the highest mark of politeness, and it means whatever the party who receives it may choose. This is one of the triumphs of modern civilization which does away with old-fashioned ideas of good-natured intercourse between persons of education and manners—which saves hollow-hearted protestations of regret, or of joy, and substitutes, for the expression of sincere feeling, the voices of gladness, or of sorrow, the intense consolation of a card.

ANSWER TO PASTEBOARD POLITENESS.

We were lately shown a collection of newspaper articles preserved in a scrap-book, which were called into existance by a paper in Lippincott's Magazine, entitled "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," which title had been adopted by the editor. The author knew that many of the points she discussed were not *unsettled* ones, and had named her essay "Reasonable and Unreasonable Points of Etiquette."

In reading these scurrilious personal attacks, written by men and women who had intended murder, but who had committed suicide, we thought of what an English writer once said of editors: "If there is any man on earth who ought to be a man of honor, it is a man who has a newspaper and can say what he pleases without any one having a chance to defend himself; and when that man pretends to be a Christian and to serve God, ought not such a man to be afraid for himself—afraid of future punishment if not of punishment here—when he abuses his power and authority? The day of reckoning for all evil deeds may be delayed, but it is sure to come."

The infallibility of the critic is an idea as thoroughly exploded as is the infallibility of the Pope in this century. The American mind, with that independence which characterizes our people, is apt to read and judge for itself. Mr. Matheson, in his "Criticism as a Fine Art," draws the conclusion that there is no such things as a science of criticism; that there are no such universally recognized canons of critical art as will enable any two writers of different mental organization and differing education and opinions, to arrive at identical decisions regarding a literary work. "This being admitted, it follows that criticism is nothing more nor less than the method by which the critic reveals, not the characteristics of the author criticized, but those of himself." What an exposure does this passage cast on the tone of such criticisms as those made upon "Unsettled Points!" What a poor warrant do they betray of the capability of the writers to treat the subject of good breeding! After reading the criticisms, one has only to turn to the essay, not only to see how entirely without the shadow of an excuse were the abusive attacks upon its author, but to discover that she is one whose self-respect could never be lessened by any rudenesses shown to her, only her respect for those who commit the rudenesses. "There is no malevolence nor bitterness displayed in her illustrations—nothing to warrant the inhumanity that pilloried her before the public," wrote one of her defenders, "holding her up to derision, and dragging in persons connected with her by family ties, whose distinguished position awakened 'the envy that hates that excellence it cannot reach.'"

One of these newspaper articles we now select to review, as being the only one in which the writer made even a pretense of reviewing "Unsettled Points." This self-appointed critic tells us that the paper on Etiquette "excited intense feeling among persons who understand the constituents and requirements of good breeding." The question here arises, "Why should such bitter feelings have been incited by an effort made in behalf of those who had not been equally well trained in such matters?" The essay bears internal evidence of its need, *tonally*, and we are led to suspect that those whose feelings in regard to it were so intense must have felt they had themselves transgressed some of the rules laid down in it.

Another point commented on is that which relates to the foreigner who was "remiss" in delivering his letters of introduction. The writer says: "Not pretending to any politeness ourselves—at least according to the new standard—we should suggest that if a person who brought special letters of introduction never took the trouble to present them, he ought not to have expected any other treatment than that which he received."

Now whether we are blessed with a clearer mind than this writer, we cannot say; but to us the word "remiss" implies that he did deliver his letters, though not as promptly as he would, we are led to infer, if he had not had "affairs of importance" to attend to. We may be quite sure that a gentleman holding the ideas which he is represented as holding would make no mistake in reference to his social duties. Whatever the circumstances were, we should decide in his favor, even to the point of disagreeing with the author of "Unsettled Points," who makes a grave error, we think, in asserting that "by following the customs of his own country he had subjected himself to being looked upon as 'a pushing foreigner.'" In our opinion no gentleman, no lady, could by any possibility misunderstand such graceful overtures of courtesy as those made in the case cited.

The author of "Pasteboard Politeness" makes a still further display of her ignorance in the treatment of the next point attacked. The criticisms certainly reflect more upon the author of them than upon the article she is treating; for there are no persons who have been in foreign society who do not know that on the continent a gentleman who has been introduced to a lady by her permission, is not only at liberty to leave his card at her house, but that it would be considered a rudeness upon his part if he did not avail himself of the first opportunity of doing so. It is *de rigueur* to leave it the following day. It is then optional with the lady to invite him or not, when she entertains; which is a very different thing from "impertinently intruding himself upon a family and compelling them to be hospitable," as this writer ignorantly asserts would be the result of conforming to the foreign custom, proposed only as a reasonable solution of the social problem created by the diversity of views prevailing in our country upon the point under discussion.

But though ignorance may excuse this point of adverse criticism, what shall we find to offer as an excuse for the gross misrepresentation that follows concerning an incident in the essay, illustrating the rudeness of recalling an invitation? This illustration is venomously misrepresented, as one can see by reading the illustration in the original essay. For such a wanton perversion of truth there is no palliation, although there is an explanation. The writer answers to a definition given by Webster of a certain ugly word: "A person who knowingly utters falsehood; one who declares as a fact what he knows to be not true, and with an intention to deceive." It would be a waste of time to try to enlighten such a character as to the minor points touched upon. Those who have been educated to look upon rules of society as necessary to insure agreeability of intercourse, and early taught that "he is the honest man who observes them with the most exactness," are grateful for such rules. They know that their observance enables them to keep up a ceremonious acquaintance with a circle too large for friendly visiting, and do not need to be told by this uninformed woman that "the highest point of gentility is reached by the use of visiting cards." They recognize their various uses, and no low bred sneers will deter them from the sensible application which prescribed rules permit "for the saving of time and the fulfilment of required courtesies."

When we add that among all the writers or vituperative articles, some of them "crowded with incidents* invented for the occasion," and purporting to have been actual incidents in the life of the author of the essay under review, the author of "Pasteboard Politeness," is the only reviewer that even pretended to criticise the points of the essay, some idea can be had of the character of the persecution which was waged against its writer. It has been asserted that "never before in the history of journalism was such a gross abuse of the power of the press tolerated, or even attempted." "For the sake of the honor of our city, may it be the last time," to use the words of another, "that envious and vindictive persons, who have imbecile themselves slighted socially, will be allowed column after column in a daily journal, for the fulmination of their private spite, and for giving publicity to their cowardly anonymous inventions."

*Some of the "invented incidents," will be given in next week's number of the POST.

EVERMORE.

BY P. H. D.

Some would tell us there's a brilliance
In our lifetime's younger days,
That must fade, as Autumn's garlands,
'Neath the Winter's breath decays.
That the glory then which flames forth
From the meadow, mount and shore;
Dimmer grows and fleetly dying,
Blesses earth's face nevermore.

That the heavens then beam fairer,
And the verdure of the field,
With the flowers, bear a beauty
When no after year may yield.
That the Love and Hope we know then
Are direct from God's own store,
Sanctioned with a trust and sweetness,
Which once gone—return no more.

It were folly to believe it,
For the sun's as bright to-day,
And the grass and buds as fragrant
As in old times passed away.
And the sky's fair garb of azure
Is the same 'twas wont to wear,
While both Love and Faith grown stronger,
Nobler, richer blessings bear.

If the heart would but discern it,
There's a way to ne'er grow old,
And to pluck from out the Present
All the best that Fate may hold.
So the ears may hear the dear songs,
Youth had seemed to sing of yore,
While we glean from life the glory
That means Joy—for evermore.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's despite, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"I wasn't such a fool as to expect to win her myself," thinks Colonel Melladew, indignantly; "but to see that scoundrel Cain making the running, and being encouraged to boot, is enough to make a saint swear!"

"She is a little flirt, and perhaps everything is for the best; after all, as some one says, 'there are more women than one in the world,' though under the circumstances it is difficult to believe it," soliloquises Gordon Hay, sighing dolefully over his soup.

Bertie, if he does have a passing twinge of pain, shakes it off bravely, determined that nothing shall make him doubt her, even for one moment, or think her other than the most perfect of woman. But everything must come to an end, and this dinner, which to three of the party seemed so interminable, is over at last, and Clare rises with a feeling of relief, in answer to her aunt's signal. The drawing-room is dull and hot, and so, leaving her aunt to entertain her guests, Clare strolls through the French windows into the garden. It is a strange, heavy night, and the sky is brightened only by a threatening red gleam, which seems to foretoken a terrible storm before long; not a star is visible and the moon is quite obscured by dark gray clouds. The flowers are black in the absence of light, and the trees above her loom angrily, like shadows of evil. How long the girl stands dreaming there she does not know, but presently a voice breaks in upon her reverie, and turning around suddenly, she finds Captain Hay at her side.

"What, have you followed us already?" she cries in unfaltering surprise. "How early you are to-night!"

"It is only I," he answers smiling; "the others are still over their wine; and Bertie, sorely against the grain, has to do the polite and stay with them, for Mr. Colquhoun is fast asleep in his chair."

"So like papa!" laughs Clare. "Drowsiness is quite a speciality of his. It is hopeless trying to keep him awake after dinner."

She looks so bright and fragile in the midst of the dark heavy trees, that in Captain Hay's admiring eyes she seems like a vision of something very fair and pure from above, and it seems almost a sacrilege to go on speaking of ordinary things. In spite of his outward carelessness and pretended disbelief in a woman's love and faith, his is a very superstitious and sentimental nature, and being so deeply in love with this girl, he has invested her with almost unnatural virtues, and has crowned her with a halo of romance, though half angry with himself at the same time for what he calls his stupidity.

"Besides, it is like being foiled with one's own weapons," he thinks to himself, "for she does flirt outrageously, and that is the one touch of earth that saves her from being quite an angel, and consequently beyond the reach of man; but, after all, what are her faults or her virtues to me?" And thinking thus, he says very coolly:

"I am come to say 'good-bye,' Miss Colquhoun."

"Captain Hay!"

"I am going on leave to-morrow for a month or two."

"This is very sudden, surely," exclaims Clare, catching her breath.

"I made up my mind last night."

"After you left us?"

"Yes—in the evening, Miss Colquhoun."

A sudden thought flashes through the girl's mind that perhaps he is leaving on her account, and she says hastily:

"I think you are quite right, Captain Hay. A change of air and scene is often beneficial."

"Perhaps; but that is not my reason for going," he says quietly.

"No? Then it is business."

"I have no business; that is the one advantage of being a younger son—at least, one has no responsibility," is the bitter reply.

"Then why do you go?" she asks curiously.

"Because the fate which brought me here now drives me away. I am the sport of the wind and tide, and they do with me what they will."

"Surely a very purposeless life," she ventures in timid remonstrance.

"Yes, a very purposeless life—since yesterday."

"Ah!" ejaculates the girl softly, and she turns her face away that it may betray no unuttered thought, "the yesterdays of life are always so pleasant."

"Yes," he agrees sadly, "and the to-morrows so cruelly blank. Who is it that can take to himself joy in the future? It is better far to have something in the past, but I have neither."

Clare stands idly plucking the leaves from an overhanging branch and strewing them on the ground. She does not speak; indeed she scarcely knows what to answer to so strange a remark; anything commonplace would seem insulting, and her sympathy she dares not give; only something seems to tell her as she stands so silently beside him that a tragedy in real life is being enacted, and that he and she are the chief performers, and presently—when she is left alone—she will have leisure to weep for the sorrow of it.

"Miss Colquhoun, I told you yesterday that I had something to say to you; but, after all, I must in honor leave it unsaid. I cannot explain why, but believe me it should not be so if I could prevent it. The circumstances are stronger than I."

The dull red gleam in the sky deepens into brilliancy and discovers the marble pallor of her face, and through the trees there passes a little zephyr as though rising to put an end to the unnatural stillness.

"Forget what I have said, and do not think worse of me because, having said so much, I dare say no more," he pleads.

"I shall never think anything of you but what is good and noble," she answers gravely, holding out her hand.

He takes it and presses it, but drops it almost immediately.

"And you will remember me sometimes for Bertie's sake and as Bertie's friend?" he continues presently.

And then she knows why he is leaving.

"As Bertie's true friend," she repeats slowly, raising her glowing eyes to his face, in honest admiration of his nobleness.

And he, reading her meaning, knows that he has not been sacrificed in vain and that he is not misunderstood.

Then with one accord they turn toward the house and enter R together. The ladies are still in solemn conclave, but almost immediately the door opens and the gentlemen enter, with Mr. Colquhoun in front, who evidently has not yet recovered from his drowsiness, for he sinks into the nearest arm-chair, and presently is once more nodding very happily in sleep. Clare still stands by the open window, with a little group around her.

"Listen to the wind—how it moans now—and a minute ago it was scarcely stirring," she says dreamily. "I sometimes think those old trees are bewitched. Listen, how they rustle and sigh!"

"Everything in nature wept for Balder, and especially the trees, which for a long time were inconsolable," says Captain Hay slowly.

Bertie looks up inquiringly.

"Captain Hay is talking heathen mythology, and will not like to be interrupted," sneers Captain Cain.

"What do you mean?" cries Bertie, indignantly.

"Oh, nothing!" he answers, smiling sardonically.

"Well, then, I wish you would say nothing," mutters the boy.

When they are leaving, Gordon Hay lingers a moment at Clare's side.

"Good-bye!" she says, gently—"Good-bye!"

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" he asks reproachfully.

"Bon voyage," she answers, smiling—"and—and I am very sorry for poor beautiful Balder."

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning Clare comes down to her breakfast very little refreshed with her rest; indeed she has scarcely closed her eyes all night, so disturbed has she been by the strange new feelings that have arisen in her heart. Never before has she felt how little love, save that which a sister might have for a brother, she feels for her cousin, but never has she realized more thoroughly that she must marry him. For any thought of Captain Hay she knows is madness; not only is he too honorable to act falsely toward his friend, but if even that obstacle could be removed, she knows that he has no fortune and no prospects of any sort, while she herself is entirely dependent on her aunt.

She sighs resignedly as she thinks of the dreary life before her, now that she has learnt to love and to love in vain—truly, she has mastered the great lesson of existence; like Mignon she can say, "I am sufficiently instructed to love and to grieve."

The fortress of her woman's heart has been so long unscaled that now that the battlements are broken down and the one my already making havoc in the hitherto peaceful enclosure, she feels almost as if she had lost somewhat of her girlish dignity in gaining a woman's feelings. Love and sorrow as usual have come hand-in-hand, and her whole life seems altered, but she has come into her woman's kingdom, and, though her heritage is of woe, yet her entry is none the less imposing, nor is her bearing any the less that of a queen because her crown is of rosemary and rue.

All through the morning meal she is silent, and when it is over she leaves the table immediately and retires to her own little morning-room, where she takes up a book and tries to concentrate her attention upon it. But her gaze wanders often from the open page before her, and in spite of herself her lips quiver painfully as she looks around and sees so many things to remind her of the lover that she must not love. In one corner of the room are her bow and arrows, in another her music-stand with some songs that he has left, and on the table is a flower that he has taken from his coat and exchanged for one that she wore.

Presently a tap comes to the door, a quick characteristic tap which there is no mistaking; and, starting from her reverie, Clare bids her aunt enter. The door opens and Miss Grand flounces in, and shutting the door behind her, jerks herself into a chair, and looking at her niece through her gold-rimmed glasses, says:

"Well, Clara!"

"Well, aunt!"

"Now, Clara, it's no good beating about the bush; you know why I have come, I suppose!"

"I think I can guess."

"Well, then, I've very little to say," goes on Miss Priscilla with grim pleasantry. "As Bertie is such a laggard in his wooing, it is his aunt who must ask you to name the happy day."

The girl shrinks away.

"Do not jest about it, aunt," she falters.

Miss Grand draws herself up primly.

"I don't want to jest about it at all, but I am an old woman and I should like to see you both married before I die."

"I wish I were as old as you—oh, aunt, I wish I were as old as you!" cries Clare, passionately.

"Good gracious me! niece Clara!—why?"

"Because then there would be no question of my marrying; my life would be nearly over."

"Is the girl mad?" screams Miss Priscilla, startled out of composure.

"Very, very unhappy, aunt, which is rather worse," answers the girl, smiling so sadly that Miss Grand is in the greatest perplexity what to do or to say next; her niece has often been rebellious and defied her, but never before has she seen her in such evident distress.

"My child," she says, soothingly; "surely you have everything you could wish!"

"Ye-es," replies Clare, hesitating.

"The fact is, you are over-excited," continues Miss Grand, not unkindly. "Herbert is a good boy and a dear boy; any one might love him."

"I know that," she says wearily.

"All girls have these sentimental notions," continues the elder lady complacently; "I was not exempt from them myself."

Clare crosses over and seats herself at Miss Grand's feet.

"You, aunt?" she asks, smiling.

"Yes, I"—bridling a little.

"Tell me about it," says the girl wistfully, laying her head on the stiff brocade that enshrouds her aunt's form.

"Well, it was this," commences kind Miss Grand, as she wipes her glasses carefully on her pocket-handkerchief. "Your mother and I were step-sisters; I was the daughter of my father's first wife, a Quakeress, who had vexed all her people by her marriage, so that when she died, at my birth, there were not many to grieve for her except her husband. Even he did not mourn for her long, for before I was two years old he married again. Well, this time his wife was widely different; she was quite a child, and a spoilt child too. I never remember when she was not either laughing or crying; she had no idea of moderation. She, too, had a daughter who inherited her mother's beauty, and to a certain extent, her mother's temperament, but just as we were both growing up she also died."

"Go on, auntie," says Clare.

"Well, Rosie and I were left alone to manage as we could. Rosie was the prettier, and had the sweeter manner; she had a little childish coaxing way with her which I've heard say was very taking. But, though I had no good looks, I had plenty of good sense, and could manage a house better than many an older person even then. Be this as it may, our time came for loving, and, as luck would have it, we both fell in love with the same man."

"What did you do, aunt Priscilla?"

"What did we do? Why, we waited to see which he liked best—and of course you can guess what a man's choice would be," says Miss Grand, with a ring of infinite scorn in her thin voice—"not the sensible one, who could have made him a comfortable home and managed his house as a house ought to be managed—but Rosie, pretty Rosie, with her glossy curls and blue eyes, who had no idea of sewing a button on her glove, and couldn't have cooked a dinner if her life had depended on it."

"And they were married?"

"Yes, they were married; and a nice muddle they made of it's—such a house as I found when I went over to see them the first time—everything at sixes and sevens, and no comfort anywhere. So, you see, instead of breaking my heart because the man I loved did not love me, I set to work to get things in order, managed everything, nursed the baby when it came, and, finally, when poor Rosie died I stayed and kept house."

"And so you loved my father?" says her niece dreamily.

"Yes, I suppose I did, though I myself can scarcely realize it now. I am sure it was best as things were, for I never could have had patience with his untidy, shiftless ways. But, bless my heart, I had forgotten all about it long ago! Love is not everything in this world, niece Clara."

And then there falls a silence between the two. The old lady's fingers are wandering thoughtfully through Clare's pretty waving hair, and, notwithstanding her hard voice, her eyes are a little moist with the memory of other days. Presently she speaks.

"And now what am I to tell Herbert?" she asks hesitatingly.

"Tell him anything you like."

"There is his voice downstairs," says Miss Priscilla. "I will send him up to you;" and, stooping down, with unusual tenderness she kisses her niece, and then leaves the room hastily.

Presently Bertie's step is heard coming along the corridor, and then Bertie's voice is heard begging for admittance, and in another moment his arms are round Clare's waist and he is kissing her.

"It is years since yesterday," he says, laughing. "I was up before five o'clock this morning, wondering how soon I might come."

"Never mind; you are here now."

"Yes, I am here now," he says, with a world of content in his voice. "How cozy you look, Clare! Who has been sitting in that chair beside you?"

"Nobody less than aunt Priscilla herself; we have been talking sentiment," answers Clare, smiling.

Bertie's countenance expresses such utter and determined unbelief, that Clare continues:

"She has been telling me her love-story, and why she never married."

Bertie thrusts his hands into his pockets, and gives a long, low whistle; then after a brief silence he tells her:

"I saw Gordon Hay off; he left this morning—and it's miserably dull at the barracks without him."

"How fond you are of your friend!" says Clare, uneasily fidgeting with the leaves of her book.

"I should rather think I was; he is so thoroughly true and honorable. By-the-bye, you have never said if you liked him—do you?"

"Yes."

"What an unenthusiastic reply," says Bertie disappointedly. "But aunt Priscilla said you had something to say to me, Clare—what is it?"

She closes her book and puts it down before she replies.

"She has been asking me to fix the day for—for——"

"For our marriage?" finishes young Grand eagerly.

"Yes," says Clare coldly, nervously interlacing her fingers.

"Well?" he asks impatiently, looking into her face.

"I said it should be when you liked," was the grave reply, with an accent of weariness in her gentle voice.

"'To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
And that's far away;
Sun, shine upon her window
In honor of the day!'"

sings Bertie joyously, throwing his handkerchief into the air and catching it again, and then he adds, with mock gravity:

"But how about the wedding garments, Clare? I thought they took months to make?"

"I don't fancy you will notice much what I wear," says Clare, smiling. "After all, what does it matter?"

"Oh, yes, it matters much! I shall like to see my wife well dressed," says the boy proudly. "This is a pretty thing you have on, Clare. I don't know what you call the stuff, but it's very pretty"—fingering her dress reverently.

"You foolish boy!" cries Clare, laughing at him.

"Yes, I know I am foolish," he answers humbly. "But, oh, Clare, you make me so very happy."

"I am glad you are happy. It is all that I have to live for now," she answers soberly.

"Clare, what do you mean?" he asks hastily.

"I mean that it will be my duty to make you happy when we are married," she then replies, trying to smile away his fears.

"And your pleasure—say that it will be your pleasure, too," he whispers.

But Clare's over-strained nerves give way, and she bursts into a flood of tears.

"Leave me for a while!" she sobs out excitedly, rocking herself to and fro. "I shall be all right presently."

But Bertie, not being accustomed to a woman's tears, is distracted.

"What have I said? What have I done?" he cries remorsefully, leaning over her and drawing her to him. And soon the sobs grow fainter and fainter, and she raises herself up.

"I am very sorry I frightened you, but it was so hot," she murmurs apologetically.

"It was not heat; it must have been misery that made you weak like that," argues her lover decidedly.

"Never mind what it was, Bertie; leave the past alone—the future shall be yours entirely," says Clare, drawing a long breath.

"I think you ought to tell me what troubled you," rejoins the boy jealously, starting up hastily, and pacing backwards and forwards.

"It wouldn't be for your happiness to know."

"It is my right, anyway," he answers doggedly.

"Bertie, you knew when I said that I would marry you, that I did not love you."

"Yes, I knew," is the response; and Bertie still stands beside her.

"And—and——"

"Speak out, Clare, tell me at once. I cannot bear this suspense. Do you love any one else?"

Her bowed head and heaving breast are sufficient answers for him. Her face is hidden in her hands, and through her fingers the tears are streaming down unchecked.

"Who is it?"—"Bertie, you must have guessed."

"Is it Captain Gordon Hay—my friend!"—with a bitter accent on the last two words.

"Yes"—in a choked whisper.

For a few moments there is silence. There is something in Bertie Grand's throat, and in his heart, that seems to stifle him. The room is swimming round before his eyes, and his voice sounds strangely, even to his own ears, as he asks abruptly:

"Does he know?"

"No, no! How should he?" is the quick reply; and then, looking up for the first time, she sees the suffering in his face, and cries regretfully:

"Forget it all, Bertie. Let us be as if I had never spoken."

"Give me time to think," he answers, passing his hand over his brow as though in a dream. "I will come back;" and then he leaves the room.

Silently she awaits his return. She does not move or speak; her very expression remains almost unchanged, and her senses seem held in abeyance. The warm sun pours down upon her, and she does not heed it; and when it gradually loses its brilliancy she does not miss it. The birds are still singing blithely outside, but she does not know. If the church-bells were tolling for the dead, she would not notice. She only feels that her fate is trembling in the balance, and that she cannot put out a finger to save herself in such a strait as this. Nature has no power to administer comfort.

At last Bertie returns, pale and composed. The battle is over, but the marks of the agony of strife are still discernible on his brow. She rises involuntarily to meet him, and for a moment they stand looking into each other's eyes silently, and then it is she who speaks.

"Have you forgiven me?" she says softly.

"Yes, I have forgiven you, if indeed I had anything to forgive."

"And things are to be as they were?"

"For a time at least," he answers slowly. "I am going away for a week, and when I come back we will talk it over again."

A sigh—whether of relief or pain she herself can scarcely tell—escapes from Clare's lips.

"As you will, Bertie," is the gentle reply.

And then, for the third time that day, Clare Colquhoun is left alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city wherever there is the least available space. A mat is spread on the ground with a stick at each corner, around which a stripe of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune teller and his hen, kept in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper, with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of sixty or more pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters of divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the ink stone and pencil, are at hand and ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him squats down on his heels outside the enclosure, pays three cash (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, and having done so hands it to the man, who unrolls it and writes its contents on the board. The door of the cage is then opened and the hen marches forward to the rows of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are put into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened and the contents also written down; from these two inscriptions the consulter's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of mortal motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate, without the possibility of collusion or misinterpretation of any kind.

ASKING FOR DOLLIE.

BY HALE LEWISON.

Perhaps when the scientists have adjusted that little matter of evolution and a few others of a similar kind, they may turn to a more practical subject, and in time inform us why it is, that when a young man visits the maiden he wishes to marry, having decided to then and there declare himself, his feet and hands instantly expand to a dozen times their usual size as he sits down before her. And why it is that, if feet must expand so enormously, the furniture does not swell in proper proportion, so that it would be possible to hide under a common chair a foot that seems to cover two-thirds of the parlor floor.

However, as the scientists have not yet reached these matters, and as nobody can tell more about them than that they are as they have ever been, of course Mr. Jixley Dott encountered the old obstacles in his wooing of Miss Dollie Tripp. The obstacles, indeed, were rather increased by the unconquerable timidity of Mr. Dott. Not that he ever acknowledged such a failing; on the contrary, he imagined himself a genuine Lion Heart. He carried his head well up; and whenever he sat down in a street car or other public place, he did it as if he expected the heavens to bow as he descended—which the heavens never did, possibly because Mr. Dott was very diminutive in stature—hardly more than a mere doll of a man, in fact.

When Jixley had had it out with Dollie, in spite of hands and feet, and had received her permission to take the opinion of father Tripp on the matter the very next night, he walked toward his lodgings in a state of high feather.

"I won't have any nonsense with the old gentleman," said Jixley to himself, as he went along. Then he puffed out his cheeks and contracted his brows, to give himself what he thought was a very severe expression.

"He's a mighty cranky old chap," said Jixley again, as he found his knees trembling in spite of his puffing.

"I'll give you just two minutes to say Yes or No, Mr. Tripp!" exclaimed Jixley at last with much sternness, and as if he were face to face with Dollie's father. But that person being a good mile away at the moment, Jixley did not alarm him.

When Mr. Jixley Dott entered the room of the elder Tripp the next evening, he found that gentleman sitting in an easy chair, with his head laid well back and his face toward the corner of the room by the grate. Mr. Tripp did not speak when Jixley entered, but that did not displease the latter. Jixley halted rather behind Mr. Tripp's chair—not that he was afraid to face any man living; but—in short, it was just as well not to get in front of him, and Jixley didn't. But with the most undaunted courage he stood confronting the shiny bald crown of Mr. Tripp's head, which was all that could be seen over the back of the easy chair.

"Mr. Tripp," said Jixley in a very mild tone; "Mr. Tripp, I'd like to——"

Jixley stopped, for Mr. Tripp was saying something, and Jixley thought it sounded like—

"All right. I'll put her up."

This was incomprehensible to Jixley, for just then there was no "her" but Dollie, in his mind. Mr. Tripp was an auctioneer, and had that day been selling a lot of horses. Now he was taking a quiet nap and re-enacting in dreams the scenes at the sale.

"Mr. Tripp," said Jixley once more, after frowning at the back of the easy chair to keep his courage up, "if you don't think Dollie too young at her age——"

"Thirty-two-thirty-two-thirty-two!" exclaimed Mr. Tripp very rapidly.

Jixley's hair almost stood on end at this insult to Dollie, and by her own father!

"Mr. Tripp, I'm—I'm——"

"And-a-'alf and-a-'alf-and-a-'alf!" said Mr. Tripp, continuing his sale.

Jixley caught his breath, stammering out, "Well, never mind the age I want your leave——"

"Sound as a roach. Look at her mouth!" cried Mr. Tripp.

Jixley made a start toward the door, as a suspicion that Tripp had gone mad crossed his mind.

"Thirty-three-thirty three-thirty-three!" Mr. Tripp went on with his sale.

Jixley began to suspect that Tripp was nagging him, and he said, with rather a mild frown at the back of the easy chair:

"Mr. Tripp—Sir!—I came to——"

"Must have more than one bid, gentlemen," cried Mr. Tripp.

"You unnatural old brute!" thought Jixley—"want to barter your own flesh and blood, do you?"

Jixley was verging on desperation. He must do something, or he would be as mad as Tripp seemed to be.

"Can I marry Dollie?" Jixley gasped at last, his knees smiting together at the sound of his own words.

"The other gentleman has her on his last bid!" said Mr. Tripp, and there he ended his sale.

It was time. Jixley stood for a moment as if he had been suddenly petrified. Then he became as unnaturally active. With a rush for the door, he exclaimed, in what he thought to be the voice of heaviest tragedy:

"Ha! ha! I have a rival! Perfidious woman!"

As Jixley snatched his hat in the hall, and was about to dart from the door, a pair of soft arms were put around his neck and a soft voice said:

"Here I am, Jixey dear! You don't want your hat, you silly! Come into the parlor, dear. How tedious long you were with pa! Now tell me all about it. What did he say?"

It was Dollie, of course; but, ah! his Dollie no more!

"Let me go!" shrieked Jixley wildly. "He said you were thirty-two-and-a-half, and then thirty three! He said my r-r-rival outbid me—ha! ha! Let me go!"

Doubtless, between his frantic struggles and Dollie's amazement, Jixley would have got out of the house soon enough; but Mr. Tripp, having finished his dream and his nap at about the same time, now burst into the hall to discover the cause of Jixley's uproar. Being a reasonable man, he did not pitch the discomfitted suitor out at the door, but took the little fellow by his coat collar, led him into the parlor, and at length got an explanation.

And when Mr. Tripp left the parlor, he left the once more unruffled Mr. Jixley Dott very much contented with Dollie at his side.

Nevertheless, Jixley had to take a parting shot from Mr. Tripp as the latter started back to his easy chair. This was Mr. Tripp's parting shot:

"Young man, when you go for your next wife——"

"Oh-h-h-h, pa! how wicked!" cried Dollie, but she didn't look a bit wicked.

"When you go for your next wife," said Mr Tripp, "wait till her father's auction is over. You're not a good bidder."

FACETIÆ

—"Jumping the rope"—Escaping the gallows.

—"Coming to the point"—Sharpening a lead-pencil.

—A "weighty" affair—The first performance of a new play.

"—Summer Resorts"—The shady side of the street and iced drinks.

—"Law and order"—A judge telling the waiter to bring a whisky straight.

—There is no question of relative value in those cases where a man finds either a golden or silver hair in the butter.

—If the bell-punch is generally adopted, it is probable that whisky and such things will cause as much knocking down as ever.

—The fly season is once more near at hand, and bald-headed men are beginning to see another reason for regretting that they did not die young.

—In France and Germany they are thinking of making the word "phonograph" a feminine noun, principally from its capacity for talking back.

—Editors have hitherto failed to notice it, but St Stephen's name is among the first given, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

—There is perhaps no denying that the honey-moon is pleasant, but most wives will say that for sweetness it was nothing to the "sun" that comes a year or two after it.

—"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is appreciable when applied in a limited sense, but is more particularly appropriate when your wife goes to visit her mother in the country.

—As a class, there are probably no more reputable people in the world than sculptors, but only buy a block of marble and give one a chance, and it is almost certain he will "chisel" you out of it.

—If Senator David Davis had chosen instead of the law, the profession of submarine diver, it is the private opinion of his most intimate friends that no leads would be necessary to make him sink.

—The young man just entering the world frequently wonders at the numerous admonitions he receives to keep his eye open, until he perceives the number of folks only too willing and anxious to "shut it up."

—The eloquence of silence has become proverbial. Tread on a woman's pet corn and get but a look from her, and one feels worse than when a male victim swears himself hoarse at us, under similar circumstances.

—The process of discoursing on the glories and beauties of Spring, to the man whose wife has turned the house upside down in a mad effort to attain something she calls "cleaning up," is not altogether unattended with danger.

—The only time, perhaps, in his life that the father of a large family feels his soul's entire resources in the way of pity exhausted, is when he sees a young papa getting tight for joy over his first baby. By sad experience he knows it won't hold out.

—Nothing could more forcibly point out the influence of boarding-house beefsteak in leading to certain results, than the fact that such an institution as an artificial teeth manufactory was not known until the first had been several months in existence.

—A telephone has been invented which can be heard four miles distant. It is believed to be a cunning adaptation of that living principle which is met with on back sheds and fences at midnight, and only needs a bootjack, brick, or some other such fuel to be flung at it in order to commence work.

—The acute observer just now will notice on the countenances of elderly poultry a subdued expression, which might be understood as contempt of sublunary things generally, and man in particular. The feeling originates in the reflection that they may shortly expect to be palmed off on the unsuspecting as "Spring chickens."

—Now that the time for fishing parties is approaching, a little advice is in order. Among other things, it may be taken for granted that when luck has been bad, it is only among those least acquainted with fish characteristics, that you can palm off a lot of salt mackerel purchased at the corner grocery, as the net result of the day's work.

—Sophistry and Logic are often made to subserve improper ends, but they never went farther than in the hands of that man who founded his unalterable detestation of water as a beverage, on the statement that he did not wish the world to think him so heartless as to approve of that fluid which had deprived so many human beings of life, at the Flood.

—It is an old belief that it only requires occasion to transform a woman into a heroine, and that it is true, hundreds of instances prove. There has been many a maid who had not the courage to raise her eyes to his when he popped the momentous question; yet that same female, as a wife, has stood over the table under which her husband had crawled for safety, and flourished the poker with all the lion-like bravery of a Boadicea or Semiramis.

—A fine illustration of the force and beauty of the English language, as well as the drift of youthful studies at the present day, may be obtained by remarking in the presence of a seven-year-old school-boy, that his teacher is a "brick." Should this be unintelligible to him, an additional remark to the effect that he is a "trump," will almost certainly cause him to state that he is likewise the "best card in the deck."

—It is not always best to depend on first impressions. A young man out West kicked what he believed to be a common cat from the back-door step, and as he paid over thirty dollars to the tailor for a new suit of clothes, he concluded in the future to make further investigations before he decided on the true character and treatment of furry members of the animal kingdom.

—Astronomers have discovered that the moon is drawing gradually nearer to the earth, by about an inch every year. And it can well be believed of astronomers that they have found this to be the case, but the man who thinks those young men and women who wander in couples beneath the shady trees on moonlight nights, ever discovered it, couldn't be more mistaken if he tried. This fact, therefore, will prevent the unsophisticated from falling into error, and supposing that these young folks are astronomers.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH A SORE THROAT OR A Bad Cough or Cold, when a remedy so sure, prompt and thorough as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be readily obtained.

LOVE UNSUNG.

Glide on, sweet purling stream,
And mingle with the sea;
Adown each glen by water gleam,
In merry dance and free.
Sing on, sweet bird; the blue expanse
Of heaven's vault is thine;
Oh, lap thy soul into a trance,
Pour forth thy song divine:
But I must not give forth my strain—
I love a maid, but love in vain.

The blithesome bird that haunts the vale
Will bear but half her grief;
She floats her sorrow on the gale,
And gives her soul relief;
The meanest floweret on the field
Basks in the noonday sun;
And every creature hath a rest
When daily toil is done;
I to myself make bootless moan,
And bear my burden all alone.

A grief that links two hearts in bliss,
Is but a hidden treasure;
What's but a thorn when singly borne,
When shared becomes a pleasure;
The finer feelings of the soul
Are known by mutual union;
Each spirit hath its counterpart
With whom to hold communion;
But she is gone, and leaves with me
The rest of the unsleeping sea.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"What an odd fancy," said George Caterham; "he must be very superstitious."

They were standing in the new buildings when he spoke, and he was startled by a voice replying to his words—

"Not in the least, I assure you."

It was Bracy Burgoyne's lawyer—the gentleman who had accompanied Mark Douglas into the country to see his new possessions. He greeted the housekeeper very cordially, and was introduced to her son.

"I hope we are not intruding," she said.

"Not in the least; I am rather glad somebody visits the old lady in charge here sometimes, she might play pranks else. I ran down to-day in consequence of a letter I have had from Mr. Douglas; he is coming home."

"Coming home!"

Mrs. Caterham's eyes opened very wide at this announcement. She had understood that Mr. Douglas's absence was to be for an indefinite time, that perhaps he might never come back at all, and that Ferndale was to be let.

"Yes," the lawyer replied; "the climate of India does not suit him. His health was very much shattered, as I daresay you might have noticed, and he was hopeful that India might restore him. It seems, however, to have had quite the contrary effect, and to have brought him down terribly. He was down with fever before he had been at Loodhiana a week, and since then he writes me that a violent attack of dysentery has so reduced him that he must leave as soon as ever his place can be filled. I expect he will come home before the next hot season."

"And reside here?"

"Such seems to be his present intention. I suggested that the seacoast would be more bracing. Ferndale lies so low that I cannot think it very healthy; but he seems determined. I am commissioned by him to furnish the house in a plain substantial way for him. I am especially directed to avoid any feminine vanities or nick nacks in the arrangements, and I am to secure two respectable servants and a man for outdoor work. Mr. Douglas will also want a good horse; perhaps Mr. Caterham will give me the benefit of his experience."

Mr. Caterham declared he should be most happy, when the time came for Mr. Douglas's return, to select a horse for him, and send it up from Devonshire. Being a man who passed a great portion of his time in the saddle, he was a competent judge of horseflesh, which the lawyer was not and the latter gentleman was well pleased to leave the matter in his hands. Mrs. Caterham undertook to look out for the female servants—it would be a little employment for her, she said—and took the necessary directions and asked the amount of wages she was to promise with a fussy importance that amused the lawyer not a little.

George Caterham went home from that visit a little puzzled. He had never seen this Mr. Mark Douglas, but he was very curious to do so.

"I should like to know him," he said to himself. "Somehow I think he is a man I should get on with. Ah, well, when I go up with the horse I shall make his acquaintance I daresay."

He wrote to the lawyer presently to say that he had secured a chestnut mare, which he thought in all respects would suit his client, and received an answer begging him to keep her for a few weeks, till definite instructions had been received from Mr. Douglas, who had again been so ill that he had been obliged to go to Simla, and was waiting till he was strong enough to leave the country altogether.

"Ah, well, I shall have time to get better acquainted with her," he said to his wife when he read the letter. "I don't feel so sure of her temper as I thought I did."

"But, suppose this Mr. Douglas does not come back at all—what then?"

"She's worth her money, Grizzy, any day, and I think I should keep her for you if she's gentle enough. I'm going to take her myself for a week or two. I shall know more about her then."

So the bonnie mare, with her shiny satin coat, was made very much at home in the comfortable farm stables, where a warm stall and plentiful diet were accorded to Brown Bess, which was the name her former owner gave with her.

About the time of the advent of the mare Mrs. Caterham lost a member of her household whom she was very sorry to part with. Lizzie Pearce left and went to Castletowers. She had been a well conducted and reliable servant, and her mistress had liked her very much. Her fellows in the kitchen had thought her stuck up and stiff, but young Mrs. Caterham managed to deal with her very judiciously and found her agreeable enough. Indeed, she was rather fond of gossiping with Lizzie. The girl was sharp and shrewd, and had a history in a small way.

She was a very different person now from the awkward country girl who had furnished Mrs. Longmore with so much amusement about the "busted puddens" only three years before, or the terrified damsel who had uttered such piteous wails over her dead mistress not many weeks afterwards. She was a comely, trim looking girl, with not much beauty, but knowing how to make the most of what little she had in a sensible sort of way. Her mistress knew her whole story—how her mother had died when she was quite a child, and how "father" had struggled on with his three children, one a boy much older than herself, and the other a girl younger, till they were old enough to go to service. The boy ran away and went for a soldier, and had never been heard of since, though they thought he was in India, and she herself had gone from one hard service to another as a child, till the propitious fates placed her with Mrs. Barbara Hepburn at Ferndale Hollow, where she had learned something of the routine and duties of a respectable service. Mrs. Caterham knew all about the death of her young mistress, and how Lizzie had afterwards gone to a lady and gentleman in the north of England. These people had fallen into difficulties, it appeared, and Lizzie had left.

Mrs. Caterham knew this much, but she knew no more. Miss Pearce knew how to hold her tongue as well as how to talk, and let out nothing that was better kept a secret. Mrs. Caterham had no idea that Mrs. Longmore and Mrs. Trentham were one and the same person, and questioned Lizzie as to what had become of the latter.

"Law, mum, I don't know," the girl replied. "I never heard anything more about them."

She had a very good guess what might have become of Mrs. Trentham—if, indeed, she were alive; but that lady's affairs were no business of hers.

"It will be quite time enough to talk when I hear of her again," she said to herself. "It's all no business of mine, anyway."

She was very well content in her Devonshire service, till one morning a letter came for her in a big, legal-looking envelope. It was from a firm of lawyers in London, and was amazing, to say the least of it. It had enclosed banknotes to the amount of one hundred pounds, and a sealed letter, written on thin foreign paper.

The lawyer begged to inform Miss Elizabeth Pearce, of Caterham Farm, near Tiverton, Devonshire, or elsewhere, that they were directed by their agents, Messrs. Bostock and Lowell, of Calcutta, to forward her the sum enclosed; also a letter from a client of theirs which would explain everything.

Lizzie Pearce went off to her own room feeling as if she were in a dream, and opened the thin, fragile-looking letter. Apparently its contents were alarming, for her mistress coming to seek her presently, found her in hysterics, and it was some time before she could get at the cause of her agitation.

It was only the surprise, as it seemed. The letter was from her brother, who had been doing very well indeed, and had found out by accident where his sister was living.

One thing puzzled Mrs. Caterham not a little—she was in such a tremendous hurry to write back. She begged to be told what was the very shortest time a letter would take getting to Calcutta, and was terribly dismayed to find that six weeks must be allowed for any certainty.

Could she telegraph, she asked, and Mr. Caterham laughed at her anxiety.

"Be satisfied with the post, my dear," he said. "A message would make a big hole in your money."

So Lizzie wrote a very proper little letter, which she let her mistress read, expressing her joy at her brother's safety, and then gave notice to leave.

Mrs. Caterham was very sorry, but what the girl proposed to do was very natural.

She should go home for a bit, she said, and look after father. There were a great many things wanted at home, and she should put the place to rights a bit, and then, perhaps, go to service again.

"Will you come back to us, Lizzie?" Mrs. Caterham asked. "I will take you back again, if you like."

But Lizzie hesitated, and said: No; she was much obliged to her mistress, and might ask her for a character by and by, but she thought she would take some lessons and try to qualify herself for a lady's maid.

Something weighed upon her mind in connection with her brother's gift. She was very pale and preoccupied while she remained at Caterham, and once her mistress caught her in tears and heard her say something about its being too late. She gathered from her that her letter was too late to reach her brother in Calcutta, but was rather puzzled why she should have been so distressed about it. There was something very odd about the affair altogether.

She went home, and kept her promise of setting her father's house in order. She was a good daughter, and Reuben Pearce had his home made more comfortable than it had been for many a long year by her help; but he never boasted of his son's gift, or said a word about his well-doing or prospects.

The Castletowers people talked and wondered, but Lizzie kept her own counsel and vouchsafed no information whatever.

But she was pale and preoccupied in spite of her busy importance, and often when her father and sister were in bed and asleep she would be sitting at her tiny casement, looking out into the night. And the burden of her thoughts was always the same—

"If I could only see her! If I could only warn her! But it is too late—too late!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EVENHANDED JUSTICE.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
—*Shakespeare.*

"Go away, my man; we don't want any tramps here."

The speaker was Mrs. Ovendean, of the King's Arms, Stafford, and the words were uttered somewhat sharply, but not unkindly, for the good lady was a bustling, busy woman, with lots of anxieties on her head, and was apt to be sharp in her manner and speech.

She was mistress and master, too, of the big hotel, for her husband was a helpless invalid, and could do nothing but sit all day in the little snuggery behind the bar, and watch his more active better half. Mrs. Ovendean did not repine, though all the labor of the business was thus thrown upon her hands.

"It was astonishing what a help the master was," she would say to her friends, with a loving look at the poor paralytic in his easy chair. "His memory is wonderful, and he looks out for the tramps with the sharpest eyes you ever saw."

It was a man pointed out to her by the feeble hand of the invalid that she had addressed now—a shabby, shuffling man, limping in his gait, slightly deformed, and looking about him with a keen or grinning glance. He had come into the bar, but evidently not to drink, and as evidently not to steal; but he did not stir, though the smart successor of Sarah Wills had sharply demanded his business, and told him if he had none he had better be off out of that.

In answer to Mrs. Ovendean's order he bowed to her respectfully, and shook his head at the word tramp. He certainly heard, but did not speak, only made some rapid signs with his fingers, as if he had been used to them as his means of communication.

"Why, he's a dummy!" exclaimed the barmaid, flippantly.

A tinge of color came into the man's pale face, and he bowed again.

"Be quiet, Jane Tibbs," said her mistress, indignantly; "he isn't deaf."

Again the man made some signs with his fingers and scribbled a word or two on a scrap of paper he took from his pocket. He handed it to the landlady.

"Jem Bragg," she read; "brother. Ah, I see—you want to see him?"

The man did want to see him, and pulled out a few coppers, intimating by signs that he would take a glass of ale.

"Give him one, Jane," said Mrs. Ovendean. "Put up your money, my man—you're welcome. Barnes, call Jem."

The potboy departed and summoned the hostler, who came wondering, for he was not told who wanted him. He was highly delighted when he found who was waiting for him, and shook the dumb man by both hands as though he would never leave off.

"It's my brother, ma'am," he said; "my brother Matthew; we're twins, we are, though you mightn't think it, and I havn't seen him for ever so many years."

And then the two shook hands again and fell into a perfect paroxysm of finger talk, at which Mrs. Ovendean and her smart barmaid stared in unmitigated astonishment.

"You don't mean to say you can understand that," she said to her hostler.

"That we can, mum."

"Then, for goodness sake, take your brother round to the stable yard, and hanky panky with him there. You can give him a bit of dinner, and he can sleep with you in the loft if he's going to stay."

Jem Bragg thanked his mistress, and the pair withdrew to the stableyard in the rear of the house, where Matthew Bragg informed his brother that he had something to tell him that must be said in private, where no prying eyes could see the busy fingers, or guess at the meaning of what they expressed so glibly.

After a bit of mutual remembrances and explanations of where each had been, Matthew Bragg came to what he had to tell.

"I've knowed where you was, Jem, all the time," he wrote on a piece of paper; "but I'd no call to come to you. Did you ever hear the name of Burgoyne?"

Jem thought he had—ruminated a bit, and then remembered that a party of that name had been killed on the railway somewhere, and there had been lots of advertisements about his things.

"Ever see the gent?" asked Matthew.

"Can't say as I did," replied Jem.

"He stayed at the King's Arms one night two years ago with a fair haired lady—a sweet spoken, girlish bit of a thing, and went away in the evening and never came back again."

Jem Bragg stared at the words of his brother in utter amazement.

"That party's name wasn't Burgoyne," he said; "it was Trentham."

"That's the man. It was Mr. Burgoyne; but he was going under another name at the time. You remember the night, Jem?"

"Yes."

"The lady went out too."

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw her. I know where she went to.

"You do?"

"I do."

"I'd give a good deal to know too. I'm sure she went out. I saw her myself a good three miles out of Stafford, and I've seen the red-headed devil since that who was driving her. He denied it, and the mistress and Sarah Wills both stood me out that it wasn't so; but I knew better. I saw Mrs. Trentham—she's not a woman to be mistaken."

"Who's Sarah Wills?"

"A stuck up hussy of a barmaid who was here at the time. She was had up to wait on the lady, and wherever she went or what for, the girl knew it. She left just after then to better herself she said, but its easy to guess what sort of bettering it would be. She had a lot of money just then, and the lady gave her a fine ring and a shawl, and it's my belief she stole a coat, too."

"What coat?"

"One that the gentleman left behind him—a handsome light overcoat, with a velvet collar and cuffs. There was a book in the pocket I heard Mrs. Ovendean say, and a name on it somewhere, and I know after Wills left it was missing, and the missis said there must have been some mistake, and that the lady must have taken it with her after all."

"Are you sure she didn't?"

"Quite sure. I saw it in Wills's hands after she was gone out of the house."

Matthew Bragg thought awhile, and then wrote again:

"Did you read the description of the coat by which Mr. Burgoyne was identified?"

"No."

The dumb man pulled a leather pocketbook from his pocket, and extracted therefrom a worn bit of newspaper, which he gave to his brother to read. It contained the description of Bracy Burgoyne's death, and the means of his identification. Jem Bragg scratched his head over it.

"That's the coat," he said; "and Wills must have sent it back to him somehow."

"No she didn't."

Matthew was mysterious, and Jem looked bewildered.

"Have you ever heard of that lady since?" the dumb man asked. "Have you any idea what became of her?"

"Not a bit, I think she must be dead."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"I can't tell; but I think she's alive. She had a purpose in her life, and if you and I can find her, Jem, we are made men from that hour."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. It will be a provision to us for life to keep the secret of where she went and what she did that night. We'll find out about the coat too. Mr. Burgoyne wasn't in it when it was smashed on the railroad, though he's dead as a herring for all that."

"Write away," said Jem, whose curiosity was getting rampant.

"No; I won't put it on paper. I'll tell you, and you can follow me."

"Yes."

Matthew Bragg went on to inform his brother that at the time he spoke of he was in the neighborhood of Stafford, tramping on the Manchester road, that he had seen the lady in question accost a man who was driving an empty vehicle. She offered him a large sum of money if he would take her to a place she named by a certain hour and get her back to Stafford before the people at the King's Arms should miss her. She mentioned the name of the house, so there was no mistake."

"And you followed her?" asked Jem, breathlessly. "How did you do it?"

"I went with her," his brother replied. "It was the very road I wanted to go. The night was dark, and there was no one behind the old phaeton, so I just got up. The lady's goings on were so queer that I did watch her and saw it all."

To say that Jem Bragg was all amazement at the story his brother told him was but feebly to express what he felt. He was terrified almost out of his senses.

"It's awful!" he said.

"It's true," returned his brother; "and when we find that woman—and if she's alive we shall some day—we shall be made men."

There was little more to tell, which is not relevant to our story, of how Matthew Bragg came to know Bracy Burgoyne. Suffice it to say that he did know him, and had been employed by him at sundry times. There was no doubt of the truth of what he stated to his brother—no mistake in the identity of the person spoken of.

"I'll get a holiday, and we'll go to London and find Wills," Jem said. "When we get at the truth about that coat we shall see our way a bit further. I've a few pounds saved, Mat."

"And so have I, or I should not have come here," returned Mat. "Get your holiday, Jem, and if the missis won't give you one, hook it—you'll get something else to do."

"I shall get it. I've been here a many years, and never wanted a day off yet. I shouldn't like to hook it till I saw my way to something better."

Mrs. Ovendean, being applied to, thought, as it was the slack season, Jem might be let go for a fortnight, on providing a substitute, and the next day the brothers started from the King's Arms together.

"I'm going a bit out of my way before I start for London, Mat," said the other, when they had turned the corner of the street. "Will you come with me?"

"Where?"

"Oh, a bit up the Manchester road.

"What for?"

"I'm going to find that red headed, squinting man and thrash him."

"Maybe he'll thrash you."

"He won't. If I can catch him, I'll shake the hair off his head, and give him a mouthful of the dirtiest ditch water that's handy. The chuckling hound, he said I was drunk! I'll make him laugh the wrong side of his mouth this time."

Matthew entirely approved of the plan, and the two walked briskly along. Retributive justice was quite in their line, and they rather enjoyed the prospect of drubbing the gentleman in question.

He was easily found, as it happened, just coming out of his master's gate when the brothers arrived.

"Good day," said Jem suavely.

The other replied by a surly grunt.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"A word with you, that's all," Jem answered. "You don't remember me, perhaps?"

"Yes, I do," the other said, with a chuckle. "You're the fellow that got drunk and found a mare's nest about a fair haired woman. Lor', how master and me has laughed about that since."

"Have you? Maybe you'll laugh a little more before I've done with you. Here's one of the eggs I found in that same mare's nest, and I'm going to let you taste it for the lies you told me that day."

"What do you mean?" the man asked, trying to wrench himself free from the other's grip, who, however, held him with a grasp of iron, and took a dog-whip from his pocket.

"I mean that you did take the lady that night, and I know where to and what for. You thought you went alone, but my brother here rode behind that pretty carriage of yours all the way, and saw where she went to and what she did. That's more than you know, for you tied your horse to a post, and went boozing into the nearest public house. It's a mercy you didn't lose horse and trap and all."

At every sentence he gave the ugly groom a vicious shake, and twisted his neckcloth till he had no breath to cry out, and then he bestowed upon him the soundest drubbing his arm could give, and kicked him into the ditch.

It was full of green mud, and he emerged in a pitiful plight, choking and spluttering, and vowing vengeance in unintelligible gasps. In the midst of it all the farmer came out.

"We ain't hurt him, sir," said Jem. "We owed it him, that was all."

"What for?"

"Telling lies and being bumptious," was Jem's curt reply. "You'd better look after that there valuable animal of yours and the missis's state coach in future. There's no knowing who this gentleman gallants about with them when your back is turned."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that it was he who told lies the other day, and not me. He was out with a woman, and she paid him five pounds for the use of your trap, that's all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD SMOKING-PIPES.—Nicotin is not the only poisonous substance in tobacco. It has been found that in old smoking-pipes two other poisonous compounds are collected—namely, pyridin and picolin. The cause of the investigation was the death of a child who had been blowing soap-bubbles from an old, dirty pipe. It was first put down as a case of nicotin poisoning, but further investigation showed the correctness of the researches of Vohl and Eulenberg in regard to the poisonous effects of what they call the pyridin series, a product of the dry distillation of tobacco, which acts by paralyzing the respiratory nerves, and causes death by exhausting convulsions, terminating in total asphyxia; so it was concluded that the child did not die from nicotin, but from pyridin. This now may be all the same to the public, but it is not the same to the physician and chemist, whose duty it is to ascertain the correct causes of disease and death, in order to profit by this knowledge for the benefit of mankind.

USEFULNESS OF TREES.—Trees in great cities cool the air. A great deal of heat is neutralized by evaporation from the leaves, another portion by the decomposition of carbonic acid. The temperature of the trees in a forest, and even in the tops of them, is always lower than the air in the forest. Besides this, shade in the open air always causes a certain draught, which acts as a kind of fan. Any one walking in oppressive heat, when the air seems still as death, must have noticed that a refreshing breeze arises as soon as a cloud casts a shade. The same thing may be observed in summer in walking through a street with close rows of houses.

SINGULAR WAGERS.

Of making wagers there is no end. An American naturally inclines to settle a disputed point at the hazard of his person or his purse; and although it was long since written,

Cunning old stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers,

it does not follow that they are out of date, or that only fools do use them. Gibson, the English sculptor, when asked to pronounce judgment on a brother-artist's model for a new work, walked round and round it with a slow, deliberate step, and after ten minutes' silent examination of the figure said, "Yes, yes, indeed it does you great credit, sir. Very good indeed; yes; if you put that into pure Carrara and send it to the Royal Academy, sir, I will make you a bet that it will be broken to pieces for paving-stones!"

Of course those who indulge in betting occasionally encounter an adversary who is not quite so anxious to be fair as he is to win. Something in this way was the trick of Old Grecian, sometime cook at Slaughter's Club, London, when pitted against Lambert of Covent Garden Theatre, in a cooking match. Old Grecian had long been vexed at hearing the steak cooking in the Covent Garden scene-room cried up by everybody. The cook was mighty wroth at the impudence of a scene painter pretending that he could teach him. "Challenge him to a broiling match!" said Painter Sim, patting the angry old fellow's bald pate. "Will you dare to try your skill, Mr. Lambert?" cried he. "What man dares I dare; your place against mine," was the amateur's reply. The match came off the same afternoon at Slaughter's, in presence of a goodly throng of "steaks" and of Slaughter's men, Hogarth being one of the number. Two umpires were chosen and decreed that there should be three beats, with pound cuts. To work the rivals went. Lambert handled the tongs like a master of the craft, and brought down the house. Seizing the poker, the exasperated cook gave the fire, already fierce enough to roast a salamander, such a savage poke that Lambert jumped back in dismay, and, shaking Old Grecian by the hand, exclaimed, "I yield the palm of victory, thou man of fat, more worthy of a golden chain than Wolsey's mighty cook!"

The turf dictum—you cannot win when you cannot lose—would have been incomprehensible to a certain Yankee pedlar. Finding all his eloquence of no avail to persuade a Vermont farmer into buying a dozen genuine razor strops for a couple of dollars, he said, "Well, squire, I'll bet you five dollars that if you'll make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll bev a trade yet." "Done!" said the farmer, putting down the five dollars. "I'll give you ten cents for them." "They're yourn, mister," said the pedlar, as he quietly pocketed the stakes; "but a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back." "You're not such a bad chap, after all," replied the unsuspicious victim; "take your strops and give me the money." The Yankee laid fast hold of the despised goods, and put ten cents into the Vermonter's outstretched hand, saying, "A trade's a trade, a bet's a bet; next time you trade with them ten cents, squire, don't you speculate in razor strops."

Soon after the witty Dean Swift received his deanery, he dined on Sunday with Dr. Raymond of Trim, whose house was about two hundred yards from his church. The bell had nearly done ringing for evening service, when Swift exclaimed, "Raymond, I'll lay you a crown I begin prayers before you." "Done," said the doctor, and off they ran. Raymond reached the doors first, and, entering the church, made for the reading-desk at as quick a walking pace as his sense of propriety would allow. Swift did not slacken speed in the least, but ran up the aisle, passed his opponent, and, without stopping to put on a surplice or open the prayer-book, began the Liturgy and went on with the service sufficiently long to win the bet.

A feat in better keeping with its performer's profession was accomplished some thirty years ago by John Sloman, actor, singer, and manager of the five theatres constituting the Kent circuit in England. Sloman, while playing at Canterbury, made a wager that he would act Tom in the interlude of Intrigue and sing a comic song in three of his theatres on the same night, between the hours of seven and eleven. The theatres selected were those of Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone, between which places there was at that time no railway communication. On the appointed evening the curtain rose at Canterbury exactly at seven; Sloman went through his part and sang a comic song, and then jumped into a postchaise and made for Rochester as fast as four good horses could take him, reaching that town in an hour and forty minutes—tolerably good work considering the distance was twenty-six miles and he was obliged to halt at Sittingbourne to change horses. Part of the company had been sent on before, and they were ready to ring up as soon as the manager arrived. The interlude was played, the song sung, and Sloman posted to Maidstone, eight miles, in forty-four minutes, to be welcomed by a house crowded to the ceiling, and to win his hundred pounds by getting through his task with fifteen minutes to spare. In this connection, the performance of John Brougham in New York and Philadelphia on the same evening, some twenty years ago, will be remembered.

Frederick Lemaitre, the spoilt child of the Parisian playgoing public, once put its good nature to too severe a test. He had bet that he would take off his wig in the middle of a pathetic scene without exciting the disapprobation of the audience. He won his bet; but not content with that, the reckless comedian took his wig off a second time and used it as a handkerchief; and this failing to bring any sign of disapproval from the front, he walked to the prompter's box, sat down before it, and offered that functionary a pinch of snuff. This was too much, and the impertinent actor was greeted by a storm of hisses, which grew into something like a riot when he refused to apologize, and Lemaitre was marched off the stage by the police. Three nights afterward he reappeared on the stage to be received with groans, which he acknowledged, as soon as the uproar ceased, by thanking the audience for the extreme urbanity of their reception.

Watching some native carpenters at Agra, India, making packing cases, Colonel Amberton was impelled to tell the Hindoo superintendent that one English carpenter would turn out more work in a day than any ten of his men. The superintendent doubted; the colonel insisted. Upon making inquiry, he found an artilleryman who had been a carpenter before he became a soldier, and next day matched him against ten of the native workmen. The boards of which the packing-cases were made were in the rough, had to be split and cut to dimensions, and nailed together. The Hindoos worked their hardest, but with their own awkwardness, and the clumsiness of their tools, they had no chance against the Englishman and his good Sheffield saws. When the hour struck for closing the shop, the artilleryman was three boxes ahead of his ten competitors.

Some merit attached to the victor in such a contest, which is more than can be said regarding Giacomo Sporcogambi, who "fills the trump of sounding fame with two thousand one hundred and sixty mortal and immortal yards of macaroni, consumed in pursuance of a bet that he could engulf more of that Italian paste than a rival. It was served in dishes, each containing thirty-five yards of macaroni, details of accessories and cooking being left to the discretion of the contestants. At the end of the first mile—time, twenty-two minutes—Signor Sporcogambi was two hundred and fourteen yards ahead, whereon he rested on his fork till his rival was within forty yards of him, then started off again with a magnificent spurt of four hundred yards, at the end of which Signor Bevere gasped apoplectically that he was used and filled up." A negro named Bill Jackson rejoiced in the reputation of being able to dispose of more food in a given time than any other darkey in Brooklyn. A short time ago, however, a black named Port moved into the city, and hearing of Jackson's renown, at once sought him out and bet him five dollars that his son Sam, aged fifteen, was a bigger eater. The match came off at Port's house in the presence of as many colored folk as could crowd into the place. On a table in the centre of the room was a heap of provisions, and by its side stood a tall thin man and a short fat boy. The referee, picking up two loaves, took a bite out of each and handed them to the judges for comparison. Then one loaf was given to Jackson and the other to Sam Port, who finished his in one minute and forty-five seconds, beating Billy by twenty seconds, amid the cheers of the darkies. Two lengths of Bologna sausages, weighing one pound each, were then handed to the gormandizers. Jackson disposed of his sausage in nine minutes, the boy taking two minutes longer. After drinking several glasses of beer, and eating a dozen cold boiled potatoes and half-a-dozen eggs apiece, the contestants took a ten-minutes rest. When the match re-commenced each receiving a pound of cold beef. Jackson showed signs of weakening, finding it so difficult to dispose of the dozen buns that followed hard upon the beef, that he asked for an hour's adjournment; but, the other side objecting, the referee ordered the match to proceed, and, while endeavoring to eat some ham, Jackson was seized with a fit of violent coughing, and gave in, leaving Sam Port to be hailed as the champion eater of Brooklyn city.

It is astonishing what mad things men will do for the sake of winning a paltry wager. Three men of Indiana walked half a mile barefooted through the snow under agreement that the one who suffered most damage was to buy a pound of tobacco for the one who suffered least; the result being that the toes of all three had to be amputated. Not quite so unlooked-for a catastrophe as befel the Alabama man who, undertaking to swim across a river, carrying two small fishes in his mouth, let one escape from between his teeth to stick in his throat and choke him.

Sometime about 1734, Austin, a noted London maker of fireworks and ink-powder, wagered that he would cook a big pudding ten feet below the surface of the Thames. He put his pudding into a large tin vessel and enclosed that in a sackful of lime, and sunk sack, pan, and pudding at the required depth. In two hours and a half the pudding was hauled out of the water, and eaten with much liking, its only fault being that it was a trifle over-baked. Oldys says: "There was about a hundred pounds won in this experiment."

A more comical experiment still came off, with tremendous success, at Springfield, Ill., on one eve of Independence Day. One of a party of roysterers offered to bet drinks around that he would, within five minutes, make every rooster in Springfield crow. The wager was promptly accepted, and as promptly decided. Leaping upon a fence, slapping his thighs, elevating his mouth, the chanticleer mimic gave forth a "cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!" that reverberated through every nook and corner of the town, but without eliciting any response. A repetition of the performance brought a solitary reply from some remote suburb, which was taken up in different directions, and before the stipulated five minutes expired enough crowing was heard to satisfy the merry listeners that every cock in the town had contributed his fair quota to the din. But the fun did not end there. As soon as the crowing commenced all the boys of Springfield, verily believing the Fourth had dawned, leaped out of their beds, hurried on their clothes, and rushed pell-mell into the streets to rouse the astonished citizens with guns, pistols, and fireworks, after the manner of Young America upon the national holiday.

An odd case arising out of a bet once came before the Shrewsbury Eng., court, the subject of the wager being the very judge who had to try the case. A man named James had put down a sovereign to back his assertion that the county court judge was not a judge in equity. One Lloyd covered the money, which was handed over to the farmer, who consented to act as stakeholder. This worthy told the court "it wor consulted and brought in that yer wunna an equiter judge, so I gen the money to James." Lloyd, believing the decision to be wrong, sued the farmer for his sovereign. The judge informed the parties that he was a common-law judge, a judge in bankruptcy, and a judge in equity; but decided in favor of the defendant—a decision one can hardly reconcile with one's notions of equity. The Shrewsbury judge took advantage of the opportunity to express his opinion that such transactions ought to be declared criminal. His horror of betting would have been incomprehensible to his Kentuckian brother, who had to decide whether thimble-rigging was a game of skill, or a dead swindle, and whether the plaintiff then before the court had been defrauded of his money, or had lost it fairly. To help judge and jury out of the difficulty, the plaintiff's counsel undertook to give ocular demonstration of how the thing was done. Producing three innocent-looking cups and "the little joker," he thus addressed the court: "The defendant, your honor, placing these three cups on his knee, thus, shifted them so, offering to bet my client that he could not tell under which cup the little joker, meaning the ball, was, with the intention of defrauding my client. For example: When I raise the cup so, your honor supposes he sees the ball——" "Suppose I see?" interrupted the judge. "Why, any fool can see where it is. There ain't no defrauding there?" "Perhaps your honor would like to go—a five-dollar note—upon it?" insinuated counsel with a bland smile. "Go a V! yes, and double it, too!" cried the excited court. "It's under the middle cup." "I'll go a V upon that!" said the foreman. "And I!" chorussed the jurymen. The lawyer secured the stakes. His honor cried, "up!" and up went the thimble, but no little joker was to be seen. The dubious point was settled forthwith, the jury to a man agreeing with the judge that thimble-rigging was "the darndest kind o' defrauding out." Verdict for plaintiff.

"Would Not be Without It."

ROCHESTER, Minn., April 9, '78.

Editors Saturday Evening Post.

Enclosed find my subscription, for which I wish the POST continued to me for another year. This is the fifth year I have subscribed for the POST, and I must say it is one of the finest papers I have ever read, and I would not be without it for a good deal.

Yours Truly,
CHAS. E. JOSLYN.

"A Library in Itself."

The OLD SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, grows in popularity with the people with each succeeding volume. It well merits its reputation, as it is especially suited to the home circle where good, pure, elevating and refining literature is read and appreciated. Taking the several departments, all of which appear to be in the most competent hands, the POST furnishes almost a library within itself.—*Journal, Perrysburg, Ohio.*

Its Use in the Household.

TRINIDAD, Col., April 11, '78.

Editors Saturday Evening Post.

Please send me the SATURDAY EVENING POST for 1878. My wife will be bald-headed in another year if she fails to get it.

Yours Truly,
G. W. WALLIS.

MRS. SCARLET TANNAGER'S JOURNEY.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

Probably when many of the bright-eyed little boy and girl readers of the Post peep into this corner of theirs, they will exclaim:

"Why, I wonder if that isn't the very same bird that the papers have been talking about! The poor, little, half frozen thing that was blown so far by the wind!"

Don't wonder about it any more then, for it is the very same wind-tossed traveler.

As every one of you must want to know how the pretty bird—in her gay red dress—endured the journey, listen, and you shall hear how she was driven from her pleasant home, and what happened to her, or might have happened, afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Scarlet Tannager lived down in the sunny South. Their home was in a beautiful magnolia grove near the Pacific coast. Being near neighbors they had often met since they first hopped out of their little nests, and at each greeting they had always exchanged glances and chirped out a pleasant "good morning," or "good evening," according to the time of day that the meetings took place.

They became in time quite well acquainted, and so one day while Mr. Scarlet Tannager was thinking how nice it would be if he could have a cosy, little home of his own, with a pretty little wife tucked in it, who should hop up to his side and chirp out a "good morning" but the very little lady he wanted for his own.

So, with something like a flutter in his little voice, he sang out his love and admiration, and ended by warbling, "Come, birdie, come, and live with me."

The little lady listened, while a pleased light shone out of her eyes. She had always admired this handsome Mr. Scarlet Tannager, and was quite willing to be Mrs. Scarlet Tannager, so she gave him a tender look, and chirped out something that must have delighted Mr. Scarlet Tannager and made him bold, for he actually touched his bill to hers and kissed her.

She felt the kiss, and the feeling that it gave her dyed her pretty feathers a still deeper red. She looked as blushing and shy as any little bird-bride could look.

Then this happy young couple had a wedding. It was celebrated on a bright February afternoon in a great magnolia tree, where all the birds in the neighborhood had assembled, doing honor to the occasion by singing their sweetest, gladdest songs.

Since the wedding the bride and groom had spent all the time in taking pleasant little trips here and there, wherever fancy led them. They had enjoyed all the dainties of the season; peeped at the growing buds, and played in the sunshine, till suddenly it struck Mrs. Scarlet Tannager that it was time they were building a house for the little Tannagers, which the wind, softly whispering among the magnolia leaves, told her were coming some day soon, to brood under her wing.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager had whispered the secret to Mr. Scarlet Tannager, so he was as eager as she to find the nicest, coolest branch to build on. They found a charming spot for the house, and immediately commenced working with a will, and kept working with untiring energy and industry until a perfect bird mansion crowned their labor with success. It was only necessary now to lay down the carpet before it would be ready for the little Tannagers.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager was quite particular in her selection of the carpet. She shook her head disdainfully over the brown leaf one that Mr. Scarlet Tannager proposed, and twittered out a sharp little "No" at the gray hair one which he suggested, and declared she could find one herself that would be just pretty enough and dainty enough.

She searched around perseveringly, and at last discovered just the softest bed of red-brown moss that ever gladdened a mother-bird's heart.

With a satisfied chirp she hopped down upon it, and called Mr. Scarlet Tannager to her side. They quickly decided that nothing could be prettier, warmer or softer. Joyfully and diligently they now began to lay down the carpet in the new house.

So busy and so happy were Mr. and Mrs. Scarlet Tannager, that a huge dark cloud that was approaching escaped their notice until it was close upon them. Then, as they started in alarm for their magnolia grove, a fierce sharp wind caught Mrs. Scarlet Tannager and hurried her along at the wildest speed. On, on, on, towards the cold North, miles and miles away from her warm sunny grove.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager was terribly distressed to be thus borne away from her home and from her handsome Mr. Scarlet Tannager.

Being of a resolute, energetic temper, she determined that the first moment the wind lulled she would drop into some friendly pine tree, and rest there until she could fly back to her dear Mr. Scarlet Tannager.

She saw great forests of friendly pines, but the wind swept her on, on, on, always towards the cold North.

Night came on, and just when she thought her breath was quite gone, the wind dropped her, and she fell gently into the warm shelter of a great pine tree.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager was very glad to rest and recover her strength. But she was very hungry and wished the moon would shine out bright so that she might see where to find one little peck of something—she scarcely cared what—but the night was pitch black, and the moon would not shine.

Thinking she could satisfy her appetite in the morning, she settled herself to enjoy a good night's sleep so as to be ready for the long journey home, as soon as it was light.

But, alas! in the morning Mrs. Scarlet Tannager found the wind still blowing toward the cold North. But she thought perhaps she could manage to take an oblique direction, and although that would make her long journey home still longer, she hoped to accomplish it.

Poor Mrs. Scarlet Tannager! She found her efforts were all in vain, for the strong wind again bore her, with ever-increasing rapidity, on, on, on, toward the cold north.

Frightened, hungry, and nearly exhausted, with her beautiful scarlet satin dress in sad disorder, she found herself, after a long time, suddenly dropped in a thicket of evergreens, close to a country residence, near the city of Boston. She shivered with cold and hunger. Nowhere could she spy a single seed, for Jack Frost had locked them all up.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager was in despair, and felt that she should soon die of hunger, and the cruel cold. Suddenly, just as she was giving up all hope, the glad song of a canary roused her to look around. She discovered, not far off, a large conservatory filled with plants and flowers.

It was evident that the gay song of the canary came from that bright place.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager summoned back all her fast-going strength, and succeeded at last, by short flights, in reaching the conservatory.

She flew in, through a small air-opening. The warmth of the place, the growing plants, green vines, and bright blooming flowers comforted her. And when the canary chirped in his most hospitable manner: "Come in and dine with me!" she accepted the invitation with alacrity.

A gentle lady had noticed Mrs. Scarlet Tannager as she flew in among the flowers. Seeing how exhausted she was, and recognising her with delight, as a distinguished stranger from the tropics, she hastened to offer her every attention possible.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager accepted the attention gratefully. She had been so tossed about by the wind that she was very glad to accept the shelter, food, and warmth.

The place really seemed quite homelike, and though she felt very, very sad when she thought of her dear Mr. Scarlet Tannager, so many many miles away from her, grieving over the half-lain-down carpet, the empty nest, and the empty place at his side—her place—she would choke down a little sob, and try her best to be contented.

The canary was quite sociable and merry, and cheered the little foreigner more than he knew. He sung the thought into Mrs. Scarlet Tannager's head that the best thing she could do, under the circumstances, would be to build another nest.

In a fluxuriant vine, that covered the wall, at one end of the conservatory, she found a beautiful nook, where the sun shone brightly. There she concluded to build.

The work interested her, but kept her thinking continually of Mr. Scarlet Tannager. She did wish so much for his help and company, that sometimes her heart was so heavy it ached.

As the conservatory contained plenty of twigs, and soft mosses, Mrs. Scarlet Tannager had plenty of material for building. When the nest was nearly completed, the gentle lady brought flossy bits of silk, for the "carpet," and left them, where Mrs. Scarlet Tannager could conveniently find them.

When finished the nest was a marvel of beauty, especially when three sound little eggs were lying in it.

Mrs. Scarlet Tannager devoted herself to her maternal duties with zeal; and, in due time, was rewarded by seeing a pair of healthy little Tannagers. She devoted herself to them, in the most zealous way, and they grew wonderfully strong, sprightly, and beautiful, and were the joy and pride of the gentle lady, no less than of Mrs. Scarlet Tannager. Even the canary seemed beside himself with joy, when they made their first visit to his cage. The Tannager family, having the freedom of the conservatory, of course were expected to do the visiting.

They all lived in happiness and contentment through the spring; and as the days grew warm and summer advanced, Mrs. Scarlet Tannager often passed out of the open windows to make short excursions; but always returned before night.

She began to wear a thoughtful expression, and it was evident that she was meditating a return to Mr. Scarlet Tannager.

The little Tannagers had been born in the conservatory, and knew no other home. They were happy there, so she concluded to leave them, as a "keep-sake" with the gentle lady.

So one June day, when the sky was bright, and the wind propitious, Mrs. Scarlet Tannager chirped a farewell to her hospitable entertainer, exchanged parting compliments with the canary, and tender parting chirps with the young Tannagers, who no longer needed her care; and then departed for her southern home, and her Mr. Scarlet Tannager.

We hope she arrived safely, and was gladly welcomed by Mr. Scarlet Tannager.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HEART DISEASES.—In a paper on nervous affections of the heart, a recent English writer charges the free use of tea and tobacco, as well as certain other excesses, with being very frequent causes.

PAPIER-MACHE. — The papier-mache used for making ornaments is a mixture of paper pulp and hot melted glue; the mixture is poured or cast while hot in moulds which may be made of plaster of Paris, and as soon as it sets from cooling is removed from the mould, and allowed to dry by exposure to the air; and when dry it is varnished or polished, according to the degree of finish that is required.

TORTOISE-SHELL IMITATION.—Tortoise-shell imitation may be made on glass, and consists of a layer of clear gelatine on which the characteristic markings of the tortoise-shell are produced by dotting it with a concentrated solution of vesuvin (aniline color), to which a handsome reddish shade may be given with fuchsin; or the solution is spattered over the surface and the drops allowed to run together. When dry the whole is covered with a coating of glue.

CHOLERA PROPAGATION.—According to a paper lately read before the Paris Academy of Science, cholera appears on all geological formations, but its development and propagation depend largely on the physical aggregation of the ground, its permeability for water and air, and the variable quantity of water it contains. The partisans of the common doctrine always suppose a specific infectuous substance or cholera germ, which is propagated from place by human communications, not by the atmosphere.

GENERAL ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A French medical journal gives the following formula for an antidote for a number of deadly poisons: Solution of sulphate of iron 100 parts; water, 800; calcined magnesia, 80; washed animal charcoal, 40 —these ingredients being kept separate, the solution of sulphate of iron in one vessel, and the magnesia and charcoal in another, with some water. When needed, the sulphate is poured into the last mentioned receptacle, and violently agitated; the mixture to be administered promptly, in doses of from 1.6 to 3.3 ounces. This antidote employed in proper proportions, renders preparations of arsenic, zinc and digitaline, completely insoluble.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

SLUGGETS and frogs arise from soft places.

IF you hunt two hares you may catch neither.

IT is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

THE wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat declined.

ANGER always hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

THERE are people with whom penitence stands for repentance.

EVERY good deed that we do is not only a present pleasure, but a prop for the future.

JUSTICE consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

DON'T judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, the tailor the other.

THE best trained head, along with a corrupt heart, is like a temple built over a den of robbers.

DON'T judge a man by his failure in life for many a man fails because he is to honest to succeed.

SEEK not for faults, but search diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded.

LOVE awakens love; and a cold and heartless education usually produces a pupil of the same character.

HE that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saith that thou are always right is surely a liar.

SEEK not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

MAKE the bridge from the cradle to manhood as long as you can. Let your children be children as long as they will. Let them be children and not little apes of men and women.

BEWARE of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by most trivial vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest in the far horizon.

THE master purpose of a true man's life is to be useful to others. There is no duty so mean that will not be ennobled by this motive. There is no function so dignified that it will not receive from this motive fresh dignity.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

WE must patiently suffer the laws of our condition: we are born to grow old, to grow weak, to be sick, in spite of all physic. 'Tis the first lesson the Mexicans teach their children. So soon as they are born they thus salute them: "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing." 'Tis injustice to lament that that has befallen any one which may befall every one.

IN RUSSIA.

The brilliantly colored signboards give the streets of a Russian city a particularly gay appearance. At almost every corner you come upon a Byzantine-looking shrine of the Virgin, with a number of Russians in front of it, bareheaded, crossing themselves. You meet the Virgin in various other unexpected places—in railway stations, in postoffices, with a little oil lamp flickering at her feet—even in the drowsy lock-ups, where tipsy mujiks can be heard yelling all day and night. The behavior of the people in the streets is quiet and civil. If a Russian knocks against you he begs your pardon with a sincere show of contrition; if he sees your nose turning white in cold weather, he picks up a handful of snow and rubs it with brotherly officiousness till the circulation is restored. All along the populous streets peddlers saunter, selling dried mushrooms, cotton handkerchiefs, religious prints, white bread, and fritters; but few of them shout. Pigeons infest the roadways with impunity, for they are held sacred. Even if a Russian were starving, it would not occur to him to knock one on the head and cook it. Dancing bears are also to be seen in great numbers, and, though not sacred, are great favorites, and always draw crowds, who laugh at their antics like children, for Russians are very easily amused.

A CRUIKSHANK DESIGN.—Among the caricature designs of the late Geo. Cruikshank which have an exclusively moral end, there is one now hanging among the collection of the Westminster Aquarium which will hardly be known to or remembered by most readers of the present day, any more than the circumstances which occasioned it. This is the design for a one-pound Bank of England note, "not to be imitated," the border being formed at the side with manacles, and at the top with a row of gibbets, with men and women hanging from them. The gifted artist used to relate how that at some very distant date he saw a crowd assembled in the city, attracted by the simultaneous execution of several wretched people, two of them women, for the forgery of one pound Bank of England notes; that he went home, and in a few minutes drew this design, which was engraved by Hone, and created a great sensation, going through a second edition next day; that it made the bank people furious, and was the means of leading to a reconsideration of the degree of criminality for which capital punishment should be awarded.

CARD FASHIONS.—Visiting cards in France have varied curiously with the times. Up to the revolution of 1789 they were frequently illustrated with allegories and emblems, hearts, shepherds, shepherdesses, &c. What the decorations were in the Reign of Terror is not recorded; possibly a guillotine. With the Empire came a stiff, formal card, with eagles perched upon it. The restoration replaced this haughty bird by *fleur de lis* and other heraldic devices, and the card was more supple—no inapt emblem of the difference between Napoleon and Charles X. In 1830 the card assumed a more artistic character, and often bore upon it little water color designs, amid which peeped out the name. In England the better the position of the people the more simple their cards. No coronet or crest ever appears on the card of an English nobleman, gentleman or lady. Its presence would at once denote that the owner was not *au courant* with the ways of good society. A gentleman entitled to the prefix of Right Honorable or Honorable never puts it on his card. A glazed card is reputed as significant of a "cad."

TURKISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Magic and witchcraft would seem to be practiced to a very great extent amongst the Turks; there are those that are accounted magicians, witches, and wizards, whose occult power is brought largely, (but with much sorcery) to work out results on another's will, affections, property and health. Conceive the case of two rival wives each longing for the other's death. They look in each other's faces with jaundiced smiles, and revel together through a tournament of screeching music, and each knows all the while that the other has, so to speak, sold her soul to the Infernal Powers for the sake of present revenge. Let such a thing be but suspected by the one, and no power on earth can turn her from courting every spell of the Dark Craft to outdo her rival. For does not her very life depend on her resorting to more powerful means, to more subtle secrets than the other knows? Where can she find a man or woman "wise" enough to lead her through the labyrinth of dark ways that have to be trodden before she can arrive in triumph at her goal, and know her evil wishes realized? She sets to work cautiously and surreptitiously, binding some old woman to her secret service. Two spoons must be obtained belonging to the parties who have to be separated; these metal objects are then securely bound together, in representation of the bonds of matrimony which unite their owners. The spoons are then either buried or hung in some damp, moldy receptacle, incantations having been duly said over them. As the string binding them together gradually decays, so the bonds of affection between the husband and wife will surely give place to aversion and estrangement, till their two lives fall asunder.

POURING OIL.

The idea expressed in the phrase, "Pouring oil on the troubled waters," though it is commonly thought to be of sacred origin, or to be a poetical manner of expressing a common occurrence, may be taken otherwise than figuratively, as being a saying which has satisfactory groundwork in natural facts. It was recently stated in evidence before the commissioners appointed to inquire into the herring fisheries of Scotland that the practice of pouring a quantity of oil from a boat on to the surface of the sea in heavy weather had the immediate effect of calming the waters and relieving the boat from the danger of the heavy broken water. "But," added one of the witnesses, "though the oil has this effect for a time, the sea becomes rougher afterward, and so the advantage of it is not very great." It is more than probable that this statement can be explained by the law of comparisons. The oil cast out on the weather side of the boat quiets the waves, which do not break over it, but glide under it. When the film of oil becomes dispersed, the waves are once more unchecked, and appear by comparison to be more formidable than before. A fresh dose of oil would prove as efficacious as the first, but the experiment is not often repeated, and so the efficacy of the remedy is questioned. The best way is to throw over a cask or skin of oil pierced in two places, so that the contents may escape gradually. This reservoir must be secured by a rope and kept on the weather side of the craft, and renewed as often as necessary. This plan is often adopted, with the best results, by the native boatmen on the Persian Gulf, and in the Indian Ocean, where sudden and severe squalls are apt to spring up.

CONNUBIALISMS.

Matrimony presents here and there interesting peculiarities. A bridegroom in Herkimer county, New York, unable to relish the fun of a discordant serenade on the wedding night, got out of bed and shot through the window at the intruders, and wounded three of them.

A Mormon has just married, at one fell swoop, a mother and her daughter. Has he a mother-in-law?

A miner returned to Michigan to marry the girl he left behind him. He announced that he was commissioned to pick out a wife for his mining partner and take her to him to wed. He made a choice, and the chosen one has gone with the wedded pair to the mines of Nevada to meet her future husband.

Kepler and Stevens traded wives in Tipton, Iowa, two years ago, Stevens getting $700 because the wife he gave was much handsomer than the one he received. Stevens has since become rich, and now the woman he swapped off seeks to reinstate herself by law.

Sarah, a Plute princess in Nevada, married a white man and returned with him to her tribe. The indignant Indians shaved his head, whipped him and sent him back to civilization.

A Troy clergyman complains in print that the pay received for marriage services is inadequate, considering the risk incurred in uniting persons against the wishes of their friends. He says the fees range from $1 to $5. He once rode ten miles into the country, spent an entire day, paid $5 for the use of a horse, and received but $1.35 as his fee.

THERE is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in matter of religion, than the backwardness most men have always, and all men sometimes, to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so ready to find an excuse, so apt to lose an opportunity. Yet it is no labor, no trouble, they are thus anxious to avoid, but the begging a blessing and receiving it

Nature Demands a Tonic.

When the nerves are unstrung, the head aches, the appetite is poor or variable, the sleep disturbed, and a general depreciation of vital power is experienced. Such a state of things cannot long exist without the development of serious disease. The most active and genial invigorant known is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The absolute purity of its spirituous basis and botanic ingredients gives it a permanent claim to public confidence, and its surpassing medicinal value is admitted by medical men of distinction, by whom it is widely used in private practice. For fever and ague—both as a preventive and remedy,—dyspepsia, liver complaint, bilious remittent fever, constipation, choleraic complaints, flatulence, and all intestinal disorders, it is a thoroughly reliable remedy. It is the anti-febrile specific par excellence of the malarial districts of this and other countries, where diseases born of miasma prevail, and as a general household remedy it is also universally esteemed.

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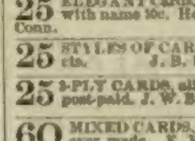

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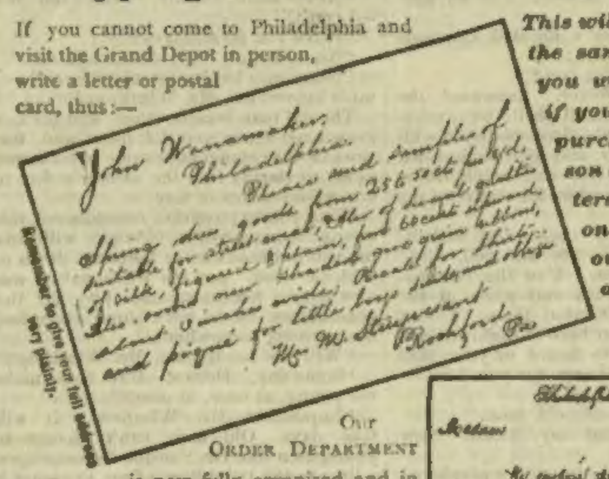

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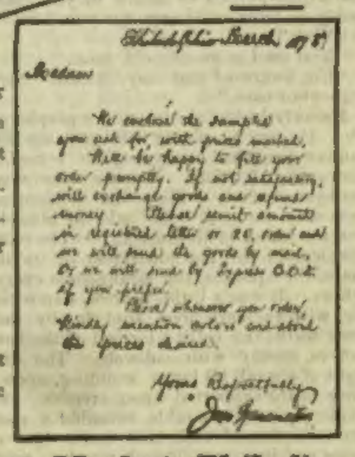

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DRESSING FOR THE PARTY.

The mistress pensive sitteth beneath the supple hands
Of the arch soubrette, who's smiling as o'er her work she stands,
Sweet leaflets deftly weaving within the golden hair,
Ah, why that smile, handmaiden?—that love-look, lady fair?

They say "a fellow-feeling doth make us wondrous kind;"
So mistress and so maiden the same thought have in mind,
A woman leads a woman: "Ah, his homage you may prize;
I'm a servant, but my lover just as dear is in mine eyes."

So Ethel sits adreaming with the pearls upon her breast—
Sweet, bright-haired, blue-eyed beauty!—of the one she loveth best;
And Annie—faithful Annie!—her own breast looks within,
And feels the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

O Love! how great thy mastery, since high and low alike,
Touched by the golden arrows, their proudest colors strike!
No matter, be it a peasant or wearer of a crown,
Before thy mighty sceptre we all of us bow down.

Sighs Ethel, "Ah, he loves me! for me he will be there!
This ball to him were nothing without one lady fair.
Ah me, my king! no rival can shake thee on thy throne;
I own it—I confess it—I dress for thee alone!"

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

I.

DOCTOR ENDERLY'S PATIENT.

It was late in the evening when Doctor Ralph Enderly returning to his office after a severe encounter with the Beast Disease, was confronted by a lad who arose from a corner of the room with a message from an old man who lived in the neighborhood.

"He said, 'come right away,' Doctor, as he's very bad. It's thirty-three Lavender street."

"Where's Lavender street, young man?" queried the Doctor.

"I'll show you. It's not far off, Doctor. It's called a street, but it ain't a street; it's an alley."

"What's the matter?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh! I don't know," said the boy with a grin. "He's sick, I guess! That's all!" and he whistled.

Enderly, used to such summons, lost no time in obeying it, but followed the youth through a labyrinth of dark streets and narrow courts, and at length stopped in front of a gloomy looking edifice, from an upper window of which a feeble radiance was glowing; all else was blackness.

"This is the place, Doctor. Down the cellar!"

"In the cellar, whew!" exclaimed Enderly. "What a dismal situation this is, to be sure. Where is the cellar, boy? I can't see it."

The Doctor felt about with his cane, for he had grown temporarily blind for the nonce, in this quarter of the city Ebbis, and he thought he had nothing to rely upon in that instant of bewilderment except the sense of touch. The boy gave a kick with his shoe upon something which sounded like wood, and cried out to some one invisible:

"Say, here we are! D'ye hear! say—oh! but he's deaf though!" then, darted off into the darkness, suddenly leaving the Doctor in a maze.

Enderly called after him, but he was not to be summoned. So after a terrible interval, in which the young physician had been beating a regular *reveille* with his cane, a light appeared from below and a door opened in the depth, and he discerned a ricketty set of steps which descended into a cellar, and Enderly trod these steps very cautiously, for they looked like the mere shadows of steps, and came into a curious room and there confronted his curious patient. There stood before him a very aged, very strange looking old man—one of the veritable dregs of humanity, wearing a visage that looked like a grotesque mask—features worn down and whittled by Time into the merest caricatures of their better selves. Enderly smiled as he regarded the serio-comic expression of the face before him—almost inhuman in all its lineaments, where the large curved nose was the only flourishing feature, where the gloomy sunken eyes were but the ashes of the fires that were, and where the thin pallid lips became a mere wrinkle between the pointed nose and chin and the hollow-gnarled jaws. "He looks like 'Punch,'" thought the Doctor, but there was too much of clearly written woe in those aged lustreless eyes to make this venerable face a laughing-stock, and Enderly was sobered and became compassionate on the instant.

"Are you Doctor Enderly?" queried the stranger in a weak voice, raising his head and peering wistfully into the Doctor's face, as though uncertain of the object of his quest.

"That's my name, friend. What can I do for you?"

"Speak louder, Doctor. I'm so nervous."

The Doctor giving a decided emphasis to his voice, exclaimed:

"What can I do for you?"

"Everything, Doctor," answered the man in a voice rendered shrill by excitement, as he closed the door, bolted it with his trembling hands, and then sank down upon the edge of a low and much disordered bed which stood in the centre of the place.

"Let me hear it then! Out with it! Don't be afraid! You're not well, eh?"

"I'm not, Doctor. I've the rheumatism, and all the aches and pains in the world. But I don't mind them. I sent for you to come over here to-night to ask you a question. I've heard of your skill and your fame and I sent for you."

"Well."

"You see I'm an old, old man."

"I'm aware of that my friend. Now state your case."

Enderly looked at him with a perplexed air. He was imagining that possibly this human fossil had a mystery to reveal, a history to elucidate. But he was very brusque at first. "He's the wandering Jew with the gout," he said to himself; "or a relation of Methuselah." The room perplexed him. The loneliness of its inmate, the squalor, the strangeness everywhere. It was a little, narrow, damp cellar, with earthern floor, shut in by dull grey walls; the ceiling formed of the bare rafters, cloudy with cobwebs. The dim light of a small oil lamp standing upon a long board supported upon trestles, and evidently used as a table, revealed a motley collection of odds and ends; bits of brass and iron, wheels and wooden models, tools of all kinds and sizes, boxes, sundry heaps of papers, debris and dirt, which came out in illumination from the black background like an edge of chaos.

"State your case!" cried the Doctor, putting his hat upon the table with the air of one who anticipated a well-founded prospect of dust and contamination. "What is your complaint?"

"Old age."

"Ha, ha! Do you mean to say you brought me here to cure you of that?"

"I do. You can do it Doctor."

The old man's eyes glistened and a tear moistened them as he spoke, and his voice changed.

The Doctor gazed at him curiously. He was no longer surprised, he was interested; interested scientifically. He felt a sort of joy at the prospect of a new and rare case of mania. He riveted his gaze upon the parchment-like face of his patient as if he were reading the hieroglyph of wrinkles indented thereon, telling of the past, every wrinkle having its story to tell—a stenograph of woe, failure and pain.

"Well," exclaimed the Doctor, after the silence of an instant, "you come to me to cure you of years, eh?"

"I do. Make me young again, for God's sake."

"Do your years trouble you?"

"Intensely. Make me young again!" The old man grew voluble, his face beamed, the wrinkles seemed to disappear, and he was really young again as he spoke for the moment. The Doctor was as much surprised and interested in his forcible manner and his metamorphosis as he had been a short time ago in his sudden appearance. The old man went on glibly, "Oh, God! if I had but thirty years of my life again! What's an old man good for, Doctor?—and I have so much to do, so much to do——"

The Doctor interrupted him calmly by asking:

"What is it you have to do?"

"I'll tell you another time. Not now, not now! When the clouds lift and your skill restores the years that are gone, then, but not now. Suffice it that I say that I want you to make me a young man. Can you do it?"

"Yes," answered Enderly. "That is to say, in one way I can, and in another I cannot. I can make you young in spirit, but not in body. Will that answer?"

"Can you remove wrinkles, decrepitude, and palsy, and make these trembling fingers do the work they once did? Answer."

Enderly was astonished at the old man's eloquence of manner and speech. "This is no madman," he thought, "but he is a character." He replied to his questioner:

"Yes, all you ask of me, I can do and will do! Tell me why you want to be made young."

"To finish my work."

"What work?"

"My great invention. My patent. Oh, God! if I could only have twenty—ten years more of my life and strength and power. Make me young. Do it, Doctor; please, please do it!"

"Why, what invention have you on hand, my friend?"

"A wonderful one, I assure you. But never mind now. I'll show it to you some day. I'll tell you all about it. But now, I must be restored to youth. There is medicine that will do it. I know there is! I know there is! It'll make me young again and handsome and strong, so that I can work, and so that people will love me and not hate me, or keep me down, or wish me dead. You know all about the secret. You can do it, Doctor!"

"Now, see here, my friend," said Enderly, "if you are in earnest and if you really desire what you ask, before I can do anything you must tell me all your history—tell me your name, relations, business, and hide nothing from me. You see I must know everything when I undertake a case of this sort. You are not acting fairly with me if you keep anything back. I must have no secrets. I must know you body and soul. Then I'll apply my magic."

"And make me young!" the old man darted upon him eagerly.

"Yes; but remember, with youth comes all the evils, all the fever, the illusion, the wretchedness of life. With youth comes the fierce ambitions, the dreams that madden, and the cares that oppress. Think well before you ask such a vain gift."

"I have thought well, Doctor. I need youth and vigor to complete my invention, I tell you. It'll take me thirty years to accomplish it, to get it working, to get the world to accept it, and I'm now eighty-five years old. What can I do? What can I do?"

"Tell me why you are here," exclaimed the Doctor. "Why you live in this hole. Why do you ask such a foolish boon of me? Answer me all these questions. You are old but you are not mad—you must have a reason for all this. Do you occupy this house?"

"No, no! The house is a tenement house. I only live here, and I shall die here unless you make me young."

"What is your name?" asked Enderly.

"Winthrop—Martin Winthrop, Doctor."

"Have you any family?"

"Yes—no; that is——"; the old man hesitated.

"Well, how about it, tell me?"

"Never mind, Doctor. Don't tell you—I can't!"

"Have you no relatives?"

"None, none! Pray do not ask me!"

"Nonsense; but I must ask you, and you must answer me, Mr. Winthrop."

The old man became silent and his face grew aged again, and the lines and furrows of his countenance came out sharper as he sat staring into the Doctor's face in a bewildered sort of way.

The young physician remembered this strange being's words, "People will love me and not hate me, or keep me down or wish me dead," and his whole nature was now stirred with more than pity for the old creature, for he felt assured there had been cruelty somewhere.

"Will you not tell me, Mr. Winthrop?"

"Some day, Doctor. But now make me young, at once, at once!"

"Impossible, Mr. Winthrop. It will take days. Old men can't change to young men like Dr. Faustus did once upon a time in the twinkling of an eye—not if they go about it conscientiously. Recollect, the evil one had something to do with his case, and you don't want anything to do with him I know. So keep calm and tell me all. Have you no children?"

"She—is—gone," the old creature muttered and then stopped.

"Who?"

"Nobody."

"Have you a daughter?"

"No—no! Oh, no! I didn't mean to say that. In God's name, no. Never mind that. Doctor, please do not ask me; only do as I wish."

"Yes, yes; but I see by your face that you are concealing something from me. Your child—your daughter——"

"Carrie," groaned the old man; "my dear, my only dear child," and he buried his face in his palsied, trembling hands.

"Is she dead?"

It was some time before Mr. Winthrop raised his head, and the Doctor repeated the question.

"Is she dead?"

"Yes."

"And you are alone?"

"Alone."

"Have you no friends?"

"None."

"Have you nobody who takes an interest in you?"

"Only Carrie; dear, dear Carrie."

"And she is dead?"

"Maybe."

"What do you mean by that; are you mad? You told me just now she was dead. What do you mean by 'maybe?'"

"She left me years ago and——"

"Left you. Explain yourself, Mr. Winthrop. Did she abandon you?"

"Yes; my only child. Gone from me—dead, dead forever."

"By the fiends, this is a new phase, Mr. Winthrop," exclaimed the Doctor excitedly. "Do you mean to tell me that your daughter, your only child, left her old father and forced him to live in a cellar in an alley? It can't be possible."

"Years ago, Doctor."

"By——"

"Stop, stop! It's not her fault. It's all mine—all mine. I'm old—I'm old! Make me young and she'll love me. When I'm young again she'll be proud of me; she'll dote on me; she'll hang upon my neck and cry, because she'll be so sorry she ever left her poor old father. But I must get to work; my invention, you know."

The old man arose quickly and moved towards the table. Enderly was active enough to intercept him. He stayed him by a gesture.

"Go sit down, Mr. Winthrop; keep calm. And this daughter of yours—where does she live?"

"I don't know, Doctor. She lived once upon a time at Weston Hills. Now I cannot find her. I'm all alone, and I try to find her but cannot. I shall never find her until I have youthful strength and hope to make the search. She is dead to me!"

"Do you not know where she is at all?"

"No. I haven't seen her since she was married. God help us all—sixteen years ago, sixteen years ago."

"What is her married name?"

"I forget, I forget!"

"Nonsense; you surely remember her husband's name."

"I can't think, sir. He's a banker. He makes plenty of money and spends plenty. He's very proud. He never liked me. He never spoke to me in his life."

Enderly was not a little irked at the errand upon which he had come, and, while he was interested in this antique phenomenon before him, he had nevertheless been out of humor with the unprofessional phase which the situation assumed, for here he had come into a strange neighborhood out of pure charity, to minister to an aged invalid, and finds out that there is a metaphysical remedy necessary, and that remedy he was unable to discover; for the mind and not the body of the hair-brained inventor, the abused father, the solitary and helpless octogenarian is to be treated, and this the Doctor finds is a case of extreme difficulty and subtlety.

"Can't you think of your son-in-law's name?" queried the Doctor, tapping with his cane all the while he was speaking upon the grimy floor.

"No, no!" responded Winthrop, and his eyes rested upon the Doctor and a peculiar glare shot from the dull orbs, which the physician at once recognized."

"Have you money?"

"Enough."

"Do you pay board?"

"No," darted the old man. "I own this place."

"What led you to coax me here," said the Doctor with a smile, "when you merely wish to play off a joke on me? I am sure it is something new in my profession, Mr. Winthrop, to be called upon at this hour of the night by persons who are only shamming. Now tell me truly, for I have not many moments to spare, has your daughter really abandoned you? If so, what is her name, and where can she be found?"

Of a sudden the old man, rising from his seat, leaped upon the Doctor, his eyes glaring, his whole frame trembling with some latent excitement, and he shrieked, as he caught Enderly by both shoulders:

"You are my enemy!"

The Doctor, a little startled, made an effort to laugh, and then cried:

"Take your hands off, Mr. Winthrop! Take your hands off! Do you hear! Is this fair? I come here to befriend you and you attack me. Here, I will give you a medicine which will enable you to slumber and dream blessed dreams. And perhaps," added the Doctor coolly, while the old man was wrenching after the manner of a madman at his arms, "perhaps this will cause a reconciliation between you and Carrie, ah, ha!" The Doctor was just a morsel weary, and hence his remarks.

"Make me young!" the old man stormed, holding the young physician's arm. "Make me young, I tell you!"

"Oh, yes; take your hands off of me and it'll be all right. Do not agitate me, Mr. Winthrop."

Winthrop continued—

"Restore Carrie, Carrie, and make me young!"

"I promise," cried the Doctor, seeing the old man had the better of him and that he held on with the tenacity of an octopus, "I promise."

"Then thanks be to God for His mercies," cried Winthrop, relaxing his hold upon Enderly and clasping his hand. "I am a youth again, I revel in pleasure, I devote myself to my invention, my patent, my great idea! God, what fortune!"

Then he turned upon poor Enderly and nearly throttled him, but at the same instant whatever purpose he had in this movement was diverted by a loud knocking at the door in the rear of the cellar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MEDICAL VIEW OF CATS.—The well known English medical paper, the *Lancet*, speaks thus unkindly of the domestic cat: Apart from the mischief that these creatures may do by lying upon your young children for warmth and suffocating them, they are by no means to be despised as enemies. When excited or stirred to anger, it is more easy to defend the body from the direct attack of a dog than to repel the sly and sudden onslaught of a cat. It is, also, a mistake to suppose that there is no danger in the bite or the scratch of one of the animals. There have been abundant and melancholy proofs of the peril of contracting hydrophobia from cats. This should be borne in mind.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

We are generally anticipating at this season some decidedly radical change in the fashions which are to reign during the summer, but an inspection of the various models exhibited show but few changes in the styles which have been familiar to us for the past four months, those changes being simply in the adaptation of thin materials to the styles which were used in making up thicker textures; for in the former there is a greater latitude given to the trimming and the drapery. Light diaphanous materials bear with charming effect an increase of garniture and graceful looping, which in heavier materials would be superfluous.

The skirts of dresses for the summer season will be less scanty, gathered at the back, and shorter—this latter change being a necessity for the complete enjoyment of summer wanderings, the full trained skirt retaining its popularity only for such toilettes as are intended for the house and those which are now at the summer watering places, in the afternoon and evening.

Spring fashions therefore have decreed that we are to wear costumes that just touch the ground, or rather short enough to escape the dust and mud, and in the models exhibited in this style of dress, there are to be seen the coat with vest, or the tight fitting habit basque with vest front, and mantles or mantelets to match, or jackets; but with the variety of mantles and scarves visible now, and constantly appearing in connection with the spring costumes, it is evident that jackets will be in the minority, except where they are worn in the form of a cutaway coat with the simple short costume of woollen texture, and intended for traveling and every-day wear. For other spring or summer costumes then we combine the graceful scarf or mantle, which may be of the same material of the dress, or of crepe de chine silk, or black lace, and for warm weather when thin lawn is used as a dress material, the mantle, or fichu, as it may be termed, is made to match, or else of white lawn trimmed with colored embroidery, which latter has become so generally used in trimming the various thin wash materials intended for summer costumes. Among the materials which will find popularity will be linen in various shades, and trimmed with colored embroidery. The ecru batiste, which has been familiar to us for so many seasons, reappears fresh and attractive, with various colors introduced in fine stripes, and jet with the variety of colors, the material does not have a conspicuous or glaring effect. As summer toilettes allow a much wider scope for the indulgence in the charming fantasies of dress, so one can carry out the toilette complete in every detail of harmony, without much expense. As an illustration of this, a very charming toilette is composed of a batiste, in which various colors are happily blended in the design. This is trimmed with colored embroidery combining these colors. The mantle is of the same material, trimmed as the dress; the smaller details of the costume are carried out to produce the perfect result, and we see the stockings of ecru thread with embroidered clocks, the low Oxford tie of brown kid, the parasol of ecru pongee, with embroidered edge, and a cluster of loops and ends of ribbon on the top; also combining the various shades visible in the embroidery. The bonnet is of the close capote shape, in ecru straw, and trimmed with loops of the shades of ribbon to match the colors in the dress, forming an Alsatian bow, held in place by two large gilt ball pins. To complete the whole, the lingerie, collar, cuffs and handkerchief, combine in their embroidered edges the colors visible in the rest of the toilette, these colors being dark green, pale blue with cardinal, or dark blue, pale green, ivory and coral pink.

Two materials of one shade are seen in many of the new costumes, while clusters of oddly-contrasting loops of ribbon are used in the trimming. Damasses of indefinite and varied designs, India silks in a variety of colors combined in irregular designs, are used in connection with plain materials. Black silk is alone uncombined, but receives its share of garniture in being profusely ornamented with satin, fringe and lace, or glittering beads of various hues.

White barege will be popular for evening dresses, being stronger than tulle or gauze. A dress of this material may be charmingly effective when draped under a number of bows of narrow white or colored ribbon, while the front is trimmed with a soft chenille or feathery fringe.

It is almost needless to mention that the princesse dress is still the favorite model, but the long polonaise, which embodies the princesse model in front, finds many patrons. It offers many advantages, in which variety can be introduced by the basque back, or the basque front and princesse back. The close, clinging shape is carried out, but for those who prefer the looping up, the following model has been designed, which will prove acceptable, no doubt: The skirt may be of brown silk, all the lower part pleated in hollow pleats. The princesse dress is of beige camel's hair, fastened in front half way down by pearl buttons. At this point it is raised "en lavenue," that is, the two points of the front at the lower part of the princesse dress are turned back on the dress and fastened at the sides, showing a lining of the brown silk. The back is trimmed with revers to simulate this effect. I may add that brown damasse of a light and a dark shade would produce a pleasing effect in this trimming, instead of the plain silk, which could be used for the skirt only.

A pretty style of trimming thin or thick dresses has been introduced and is considered simple, yet effective. It consists of flat loops of ribbon arranged on the edge of the dress or mantle; a row of loops edges the flounce which trims the skirt, and a row is placed at the top to form a heading. As this is perhaps an expensive fantasie, we doubt not an equally pretty effect can be produced by simply cutting the edge of the dress to simulate the ribbon loops, and piping it with a contrasting color. This is a style familiar to many as having been popular not long ago; but frequently we find our prettiest models among the fashions which have had a past popularity.

Before concluding, I will describe a few of the latest models exhibited by our fashionable modistes. A charming costume of dark prune silk is made as follows: The silk skirt is trimmed with a wide box pleated flounce of the same, the top being faced with pale blue, the pleats opened and caught down so as to show the blue. The cashmere forms a full princesse polonaise draped across the front; the pieces which form the corsage in the back are cut in strips just below the tournure, and faced with the blue silk and turned under to form loops, which hang over the back drapery, which is open half way up, and slightly looped. A band of prune silk embroidered in pale blue, and a fringe of blue and prune, edge the polonaise all around.

Another costume of Havana brown silk and brown bourette with threads of old gold and ivory, was very stylishly made as follows: The skirt of silk was trimmed with two narrow knife pleatings of the same, between which was a row of square tabs of the bourette, piped with old gold colored silk; the bourette was arranged in a long overskirt, slightly draped across the front and in the back, the trimming consisting of a band of the brown silk piped each side with old gold; a handsome silk fringe combining the colors of the dress was on the edge and extended up the sides to meet the corsage, which formed a cuirasse basque with brown silk vest, and sleeve pipings of old gold forming the trimming.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

A contributor sends us the following useful suggestions, which I know will prove acceptable to our readers:

Sugar in Plain Cooking.—There are few housekeepers who know how useful sugar is in plain cooking, and how much it improves the flavor of some vegetables, such as peas, corn, tomatoes, slaw, lettuce, etc.; an even teaspoonful to a dish is a wonderful improvement. Some use ripe tomatoes as dessert by simply using sugar. Canned tomatoes require more than ripe ones. A heaping teaspoonful to a can is necessary. In Mrs. Stowe's recipe book she adds one or more teaspoonfuls of sugar to nearly all of her recipes for hash. I always put a good handful of sugar, when I put the salt in my bread, to four or five loaves; but the success in bread making is the kneading, with a good half hour's work, and good yeast; the poorest flour may be made palatable. To be sparing of sugar in cooking is the worst kind of economy, and how many a relish is ruined by just this fault; for instance, there is no more enjoyable dish during the coming season than rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, etc., stewed, or made in pies, nor more horrid than when floating in their acidity, they are passed around as a luxury, and then the attempt to smile and say, delightful! while every muscle in your body, from your stomach up, is trying to draw your eyes shut, lips out, the corners of your mouth under your neckband, is simply heart rending.

I enjoy your Fireside Chat immensely, and so contribute my mite of experience as a commencement.—*Newport.*

Carriage Dust Wrap.—You published a very pleasing answer to "Country Admirer's" inquiry for suggestions to make a dust wrap, but as she may like a variety to select from, I send some suggestions which from my experience proved quite satisfactory. I purchased a red and gray linen, striped, and between the stripes I worked small sprays of flowers, such as poppies, Marguerites, forget-me-nots, in crewels. I scolloped the edge all around with red ingrain cotton. —*Sea Side.*

Table Cover.—As no one has sent any reply to "Fancy Work's" inquiry for suggestions to make a table cover, I think I may offer some which will prove acceptable. If the table is round and suitable for this style, I think she will like it. Have a plain white pine top made, cut in octagon shape, and fit it on the top of the table, covering it with some pretty shade of twilled flannel or serge—light blue or crimson; trim it around with a narrow worsted fringe, over which put a flounce of lace, of some coarse design; the one I saw was imitation Russian lace, which is very effective and only 35 cents a yard for a five inch width. Finish it off with a row of gilt nails, which are very effective if arranged in clusters of three—that is, one nail and two below it.—*Marguerite.*

Will some of the contributors to the "Ladies' Department" of the Post, give me some hints on making a good cheap fruit cake?—*Chester.*

Lemon Cheese Cake.—If your correspondent signed "Tottie Tot," tries my recipe, I think she will like it:

Beat up equal parts (say one-quarter of a pound) of sugar and butter, the yolks of two and the white of one egg, with the finely-grated rind and the skimmed juice of two lemons; line some patty pans with puff paste; fill them with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven.—*Kittie Kat.*

Crumpets.—The following recipe has been successfully tried, so I send it in answer to "Young Bettie's" inquiry:

Three cupfuls raised dough, work into it one-half cupful softened butter; three eggs; and mix sufficient to make a stiff batter; turn into buttered pans and let it remain 15 minutes before baking; bake one-half hour.

Will you please ask through your Fireside Chat for a recipe for an Aquarium; also what food you give a young crocodile, and oblige—*Frank Taylor, Country.*

Good Jumbles or "Cookies."—If "Texas Girl" tries my recipe she will find it the best of all, for every one pronounces them delicious:

One-half pound butter, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of mixed mace and cinnamon, one-half grated nutmeg, place in a pan not too close together and bake a delicate brown. These are delicious.—*Michigan Girl.*

Sofa Blanket.—If "West Chester" wants something which is quite novel and pretty, I would suggest alternate stripe of colored serge or cloth, and saddler's girthing. The girthing is coarse, but very easy to work on, and effective; the pattern should be bold and flowing; the strips of serge between each row of girthing should be the same width, and the two are joined by wide herring-bone stitch in either wool or yellow floss. The strips are first tacked together on the back.—*Novelty Seeker.*

Will you publish in your Fireside Chat my inquiry for making buns, and oblige—*A New Subscriber.*

I have a black grenadine which has lost its freshness. Can you give me any suggestions by which I may restore it?—*Home Body.*

I am a young beginner in housekeeping, and come to you for suggestions to make rolls. Do you know anything of "Parker House Rolls?"—*Dot.*

I have heard of some mode by which plaster figures can be colored. Will some one give me directions or suggestions on the subject?—*Novello.*

I would like some good recipe to make English muffins?—*Maida.*

Royal Wedding Dresses.

The dress of Marie Joseph of Saxony, on her marriage with Louis the Dauphin, son of Louis XV. of France, weighed nearly sixty pounds; and this heavy garment she was compelled to wear all day. The Princess Jeanne of Navarre, on her marriage with the Duke of Cleves, was attired in a robe of cloth of gold, thickly studded with gems; a ducal coronet of jewels encircled her youthful brow, and the train of her mantle was bordered with ermine. Determined to offer the uttermost resistance in her power, the unhappy bride declared her inability to walk under the weight of her apparel, and so was carried to the altar by the Cardinal de Montmorency. Veils formed a portion of bridal attire at the end of the twelfth century. Berengaria, on her marriage with Richard Cœur de Lion, wore a transparent veil in the form of a Spanish mantilla, confined by a magnificent diadem of jewels surrounded by fleurs de lys. Ancient weddings had one advantage over their modern representatives; we allude to the dress of the men, which added greatly to the splendor of the *coup d'œil*, whereas in our days it decidedly detracts from it. For example, there is the costume of Richard Cœur de Lion on his wedding day. He wore a satin tunic of rose color, belted around the waist; mantle of striped silver tissue, brocaded with silver crescents; sword of Damascus steel, with hilt of gold; scaled silver sheath. On his head was a rose colored bonnet, brocaded in gold with figures of animals. Although wedding garments and trousseaux were generally very costly in the thirteenth century, and very sumptuous, the most niggardly member of the royal household could scarcely have complained of the scanty outfit provided for the fair Provencal bride, Isabelle de Angouleme. It consisted of three cloaks of fine linen, one of scarlet cloth, and one gray pelisse, costing all together £12 5s. 4d. An old writer thus quaintly describes the headdress worn by Katherine of Arragon at her nuptials with the Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII. of England: "The strange diversity of apparel of the country of Hispania is to be discriven. The bride wore upon her head at the time of her marriage a coif of white silk, bordered with gold and pearls five inches deep, which covered the greater part of her visage and person." He further adds: "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and the body made with many plaits, and beneath the waist certain round hoops bearing out the gown from the body." The marriage ceremony of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with Frederick V., Duke of Bavaria, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was conducted with great magnificence. Sir John Finett, master of the ceremonies, describes minutely the gorgeous dresses: "The riches of that day," adds he, "were incomparable; gold and silver laid on lords', ladies' and gentlemen's backs was the poorest burthen, pearls and costly embroidery being the commonest wear." The royal jewels alone were valued at £600,000 sterling. The bride was arrayed in white, emblem of innocence; her magnificent hair fell down her back. On her head was a crown of pure gold, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; supporting her train were twelve young ladies, also clothed in white, so that it was said "her passage looked like a milky way." During her passage to the Chapel Royal, Elizabeth was supported by two single men, her brother, Prince Charles, on the right, and the Earl of Northampton on the left. On her return she was escorted by two married noblemen, the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Nottingham.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

SARDORUS, (Sardorus, Ill.)—The company referred to is thoroughly reliable, and inform us that the matter has been attended to.

JASP, (Berkshire, Mass.)—Members of the English House of Commons receive no pay, and hence must usually be men of independent fortunes.

T. B. A. (Hempstead, Ark.)—The 100-ton guns made in England for the Italian navy are the heaviest thus far, but still larger ones are projected.

B. D. (Hudson, N. J.)—There are no legitimate means of making oneself pale. Do not dream of interfering with that natural condition of health which has shed its bloom upon your cheeks.

BERRINGTON, (Scott, Tenn.)—You run strange risks. Get a divorce first and protect whatever property and earnings you have. A rude awakening indeed! This comes of marrying one whom you knew to be wild.

J. (Noble, O.)—Forget her and fall in love with some other girl. You haven't the sweet disease so badly that you won't get over it. Let your friend gain her love, which you probably have not thoroughly conquered.

O. F. (Plaquemines, La.)—You do not tell us your age, nor even your sex; you say nothing about your position in life, nor what your avocations are; and yet you ask for our opinion on a most important subject. How can we possibly give it?

J. H. (Brown, Wis.)—There is no fixed rule in respect to the phraseology of invitations. They vary according to the degree of friendship or intimacy between the parties. Either of the modes of expression which you mention will suffice.

MACHINIST, (Phila., Pa.)—The first locomotive built in the United States was invented by the venerable Peter Cooper, of New York. His engine was built at the stage shops of Reeddle, Stockton & Stokes, in Baltimore; the foreman, Richard Imlay, being the directing mechanic.

D. E. (Houston, Minn.)—When a young lady writes to the young gentleman to whom she is engaged and the letter remains unanswered for several weeks, she ought first of all to suspect that it must have been miscarried, and she should write again. But if her second epistle remains unnoticed she may justly suspect the fidelity of her swain.

GARY, (Buckingham, Va.)—It is not pleasant to marry a girl for whose relatives you have no respect, for they may bother you. Still, if you are very much in love, you might risk it, especially as it is not her fault that her family stands so boldly in your neighborhood. You may be able to separate her from her relatives. But how do you know that she will have you?

C. B. (Chester, Pa.)—You acted unfairly towards your suitor. A woman does not treat a man well when she divulges his secret. He comes to her in all confidence, tenders his heart, his hand, his fortune, all that he has; she rejects him; but free in this, she is not free to relate the circumstance to everyone of her companions. It may be a conquest, but it is a conquest in which she has no right to glory.

ARTIST, (Taylor, Ga.)—The English Royal Academy was instituted in 1768, under the patronage of George III., and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was knighted on the occasion, was appointed its first president. In 1771 the King granted them apartments in the old Somerset House, where they remained until removed to the National Gallery in 1838. We have no similar institution in America.

T. L. (Beaver, Pa.)—The mouth requires particular care. It should be rinsed every morning, after dinner, and the last thing at night, with cold water, but in winter the chill may be taken off it. The frequent washing of the mouth is otherwise necessary because the viscid slime, and small particles of food which settle about the interstices of the teeth are very apt to putrify, and if not removed will affect the breath and gradually injure the teeth themselves.

J. PARKE, (Washington, Pa.)—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is used by Lawrence Sterne in the story of Maria in his "Sentimental Journey." We know it has repeatedly been used as a quotation from the Bible, but it is not to be found there. Neither is it original with Sterne, who was an unscrupulous picker-up of other writer's gems. It was written by Henri Etienne, a French author, in 1264, and half a century later by George Herbert, who wrote Latin and English poems with equal facility.

A LOVER, (Montgomery, Ky.)—As the reply of the young lady is rather indefinite, we think you might venture in a few weeks to write again, saying that you find it impossible to conquer your affection for her, and begging her to inform you if there is any personal objection to you as a suitor for her hand. She will no doubt reply to it, and according to the nature of her answer you must frame your future course. It may be that she has some family reason for wishing for a time to remain free, or perhaps she may have already a lover who has engaged her affections.

SUFFERER, (Knox, Me.)—The following is said to be a good cure for the earache: Put about four drops of laudanum and four drops of the best kerosene oil into a teaspoon; put in a little bit of cotton batting—about enough to absorb the mixture; hold the spoon and contents over a lighted candle or gaslight till it begins to bile with the heat; turn the cotton over, apply spoon and contents once more to the heat, then pinch out the cotton; put it hot into the ear; tie a bandage over the ear to keep the heat in, and relief is immediate. You should keep a little box with a small vial of each of the articles named, and you can get relief at all hours of night or day in a few moments.

ANNIE B. G. (Youngstown, O.)—We are sorry that we cannot comply with your request to save all our cancelled postage stamps, as it would involve altogether too much time and trouble. You are no doubt being hoaxed in the matter of getting three hundred dollars for your collection of one million stamps. The story was started a while since that a practical admirer of industry and perseverance, in some part of the country, had offered such a reward for such a collection, but it had no foundation in truth. We think your time could be much more profitably spent than in such an undertaking. Consult your aunt about it.

DISPUTE, (Orange, N. Y.)—St. Peter's at Rome has the highest dome of any of the churches. The following you can use as a means of comparison: St. Antoine Column, Rome, is 135 feet; Trajan's Column, Rome, 145 feet; Smithsonian Institute, Washington, 140 feet; Napoleon Column, Paris, 150 feet, Washington Monument, Baltimore, 180 feet; The Great Obelisk, Thebes, 200 feet; Bunker Hill Monument, Boston, 220 feet, Column of Delhi, 262 feet; Trinity Steeple, New York, 264 feet; New Dome of the Capitol, Washington, 300 feet; Dome of St. Paul's, London, 320 feet; The steamship Adriatic stood on end 354 feet; Great Pyramid, Egypt, 480 feet; National Monument, Washington, 507; the steamship Great Eastern stood on end 684 feet.

PASCHAL, (Phila., Pa.)—There is nothing certain about the matter, but like the early music, the first dances were doubtless religious. The Hebrews esteemed it a fitting aid to song in the service of the Lord. David danced before the ark, and Hebrew history is full of the use of the dance in thanksgiving and praise. The early Egyptians used it in a like manner; perhaps also the Hindoos. Among the Greeks it was held in honor. Plato praised dancing very highly and considered that it conducted to virtue; and throughout Greek literature are scattered innumerable references to it, in its religious and its secular aspect. Generally speaking it may be not only entirely harmless but absolutely beneficial; still you had better follow the wishes of your parents in the matter.

HOWARD, (Cheboygan, Mich.)—The term "Porte" which is used to denote the administrative government of the Turkish empire, and includes the Sultan, the Grand Vizier and the general council of state, had its origin in this way: In the famous institutes established by the warrior sultan, Mahommed II, the Turkish body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent, whose dome rested upon four pillars. The visier formed the first pillar, the judges the second, the treasurers the third, and the secretaries the fourth. The chief seat of government was figuratively named "The Lofty Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of earlier times, when the Ottoman rulers sat at the tent door to administer justice. The Italian translation of this name was "La Porte Sublime." This phrase was modified in the English to the "Sublime Porte," and finally the adjective has been dropped, leaving simply "The Porte."

STUYVESANT, (Cleveland, O.)—The reason usually given for Popes changing their names is that unless they do so they will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII. Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh Pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1755, Marcellus Servius was elected and inducted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his elevation. Since that time no pope has ventured to offend against the tradition. It is a little singular that while the name of John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-one popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII., in 1416. The first pope bearing the name of Pius was chosen in 142, and the name did not appear after his death till 1456.

DALLACH, (Selma, Ga.)—There are a number of houses in New York that you might address concerning your silk cocoons. It is against our rules to further specify them in this column. You can ascertain their whereabouts by writing to any Mercantile Agency in your own state or by consulting the business papers of that city. Of the prices paid we know nothing. With the limited space at our command it would be impossible to give any information or directions for the culture of the silk worm. There are numerous works published on the subject which you can get at any of the leading industrial publishing houses of this city or New York. The cultivation of silk in America began as early as 1623. Virginia was the first State to plant mulberry trees and raise the worms. Georgia commenced its culture about 1730. In the opinion of scientific men the climate of California is the best adapted to the breeding of the worm. It is probable that in a few years America will raise and manufacture for itself the greater portion of the silk used in fashion and the other needs of the country.

DOLLIE, (South Bend, Ind.)—1. In riding out with a gentleman the extent of the ride is generally understood beforehand. Where this is not the case, either the lady or gentleman may suggest returning when they think it time or they have gone sufficiently far. There is no question of priority in the matter, and the proposal to terminate the ride would come with equal grace or propriety from either. Of course it should be made in such a manner that no suspicion would be excited that one was tired of the other's company and wished to get rid of it as soon as possible. 2. If the gentleman is in every respect a person suitable for your acquaintance, you might very properly inv